

Accessions

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501 ——— : The Brazen Age, containing
the Death of the Centaure Niffus, the
Tragedy of Meleager, the Tragedy of
Jafon and Medea, Vulcan's Net, and the
Labours and Death of Hercules. 4to,
mor. gilt. Lond., 1613. \$8.75

[Fowle.]

THE BRAZEN AGE,

The first Act containing,
The death of the Centaure *Nessus,*

THE SECOND,
The Tragedy of *Meleager:*

THE THIRD
The Tragedy of *Iason and Medea.*

THE FOURTH.
VULCANUS NET

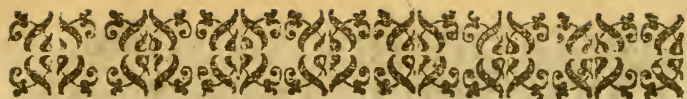
THE FIFTH.
The Labours and death of
HERCULES:

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes*, dwelling neere *Holborne-*
Bridge at the signe of the Hand. 1613.

149.706

May, 1873



To the Reader.



Hough a third brother should not inherite, whilst the two elder liue, by the laws of the Land, & therefore it might breed in mee a discouragement, to commit him without any hereditary means, to shift for it selfe in a world so detractiue & calumnious, yet rather presuming vpon the ingenious, then affraid of the enuious, I haue expos'd him to the fortunes of a yonger brother, which is, most cōmonly, brauely to liue, or desperately to hazard: yet this is my comfort, that what imperfection focuer it haue, hauing a brazen face it cannot blush; much like a Pedant about this Towne, who, when all trades fail'd, turn'd *Pedagogue*, & once insinuating with me, borrowed frō me certaine Translations of *Ouid*, as his three books *De Arte Amandi*, & two *De Remedio Amoris*, which since, his most brazen face hath most impudently challenged as his own, wherefore, I must needs proclaime it as far as *Ham*, where he now keeps schoole, *Hos ego versiculos feci tulit alter honores*, they were things which out of my iuniority and want of indgement, I committed to the veiw of some priuate friends, but with no purpose of publishing, or further cōmunicating thē. Therefore I wold entreate that *Austin*, for so his name is, to acknowledge his wrong to me in shewing them, & his owne impudence, & ignorance in challenging thē. But courteous Reader, I can onely excuse him in this, that this is the *Brazen Age*.



Drammatis Personæ.

HOMER.

Oeneus K of Calidon.

Althea, &c.

Her two brothers.

Deyaneira.

Meleager.

Hercules.

Achelous.

Nessus.

Iason.

Atreus.

Tellamon.

Nestor.

Medea.

Oetes.

Absyrtus.

Adonis.

Atlanta.

Apollo.

Aurora.

Jupiter.

Mercury.

Iuno.

Mars.

Venus.

Gallus.

Vulcan.

Lychas.

Omphale.

Her maids.

Aeneas.

Anchises.

Laomedon.

Hesione.

Priam.

Philoctetes.

Water Nymphes.

Castor.

Pollux.

Pyragmon.



The Brazen Age,

CONTAINING
The labours and death of Hercules.

Enter HOMER.



*As the world grows in yeares (tis the Heavens
curse)*

*Mens sinnes increase; the pristine times were
best:*

The Ages in their growth wax worse & worse.

The first was pretious, full of golden rest.

Siluer succeeded; good, but not so pure:

Then loue and harmelesse lusts might currant passe:

The third that followes we finde more obdure,

And that we title by the Age of Brasse.

In this more grosse and conrser mettall'd Age,

Tyrants and fierce oppressors we present.

Nephewes that 'gainst their Unckles wreake their rage,

Mothers against their children discontent,

A sister with her brother at fierce warre,

(Things in our former times not seene or knowne)

But vice with vertue now begins to iarre,

And sinnes (though not at height) yet great are growne.

Still with our history we shall proceed,

And Hercules victorions acts relate:

His marriage first, next many a noble deed

Perform'd by him: last how he yeelds to Fate.

The Brazen Age.

*And these, I hope, may (with some mixtures) passe,
So you sit pleas'd in this our Age of Brasse.*

Actus I. Scœna I.

*Enter Oeneus, King of Calidon, Queene Althea, Meleager,
Deianeira, Plexippus, and Toxæus, brothers to the Queene.*

K. Oen. Thus midst our brothers, daughter, Queene and
Sits *Oeneus* crown'd in fertill *Calidon* (sonne,
Whose age and weakenesse is supported only,
In those ripe ioyes that I receiue from you.

Plex. May we long stand supporters of your royalties,
And glad spectators of your age and peace.

Tox. The like I wish.

K. Oen. We haue found you brothers royall,
And subiects loyall.

Althea. They are of our line,
Of which no branch did euer perish yet,
By Cankers, blastings, or dry barrennesse.
But *Meleager* let me turne to thee,
Whose birth the Fates themselues did calculate,

Mel. Pray mother how was that? I haue heard you say
Somewhat about my birth miraculous,
But neuer yet knew the true circumstance.

Althea. 'Twas thus : the very instant thou wast borne,
The sisters, that draw, spinne, and clip our liues,
Entred my chamber with a fatal brand,
Which hurling in the fire, thus said : *One day, one date,
Betide this brand and childe, euen be their fate.*
So parted they, the brand begins to burne :
And as it wastd, so didst thou consume ;
Which I perceiuing, leap't vnto the flame,
And quenching that, stayd thy consumption.
The brand I (as a iewell) haue reseru'd,
And keepe it in a casket, lock't as safe
As in thy bosome thou maintainst thy heart,

Meleag.

The Brazen Age.

Melea. Pray keepe it well : for if not with my mother,
With whom dare *Meleager* trust his life?
But sister *Deianeira*, now to you.

Two worthy Champions must this day contend,
And try their eminence in Armes for you,
Great *Achelous*, and strong *Hercules*.

Deia. We know it : my loue must be bought with blowes,
Not Oratory wins me, but the sword :
He that can braueliest in the lists contend,
Must *Deianeira's* nuptiall bed ascend.

Oen. Brothers, conduct these Champions to the lists,
Meane time *Althea* state thee on that hand,
On this side *Deianeira* the rich prize
Of their contention.

Melea. Clamors from a farre,
Tell vs these Champions are adrest for warre.

*Enter at one doore the river Achelous, his weapons borne in
by Water-Nymphes. At the other Hercules.*

K.Oen. Stand forth you warlike Champions, and expresse
Your loues to *Deianeira*, in your valours.
As we are *Oeneus* the *Etolians* King,
And vnder vs command whole *Calidon*.
So we contest we make her here the prize
Of the proud victor:

Ache. Dares the *Theban* bastard
Contend with vs, as we are eldest sonne
Vnto the graue and old *Oceanus*,
And the Nymph *Nais*, borne on *Pindus* mount,
From whence our broad and spacious currents rise?
So are we proud to coape with *Hercules*.
Nere let my streames wash *Acarnania's* bankes,
Or we confin'de in *Thous*, our grand seat;
Till (by the ruine of *Alcmena's* sonne)
We lodge bright *Deianeira* in our armes.

Herc. Haue we the *Cleonean* Lyons torne?

The Brazen Age.

And deck't our shoulders in their honored spoyle?
The *Calidonian* Boare crush't with our Club?
The rude *Thessalian* Centaurs sunke beneath
Our *Iniall* hand? pierc'd hell? bound *Cerberus*?
And buffeted so long, till from the fume
The dogge belch't forth strong *Aconitum* spring?
And shall a petty riuer make our way
To *Deianaira's* bed impassable?
Know then the pettiest streame that flowes through *Greece*,
It'll make thee run thy head below thy bankes,
Make red thy waters with thy vitall bloud,
And spill thy waues in droppes as small as teares,
If thou presum'st to coape with *Hercules*.

Acbe. What's *Hercules* that I should dread his name?
Or what's he greater then *Amphitrio's* sonne?
When we assume the name of Demi-god
Not *Proteus* can trans-shape himselfe like vs,
For we command our figure when we please.
Sometimes we like a serpent run along
Our medowy bankes : and sometimes like a Bull
Graze on these strands we water with our streames.
We can translate our fury to a fire,
And when we swell, in our fierce torrents swallow
The Champian plaines, and flow about the hils,
Drowne all the continents by which we run;
Yea *Hercules* himselfe.

Herc. Me *Achelous*!
I can do more then this : loue *Deianaira*,
Swin with her on my shoulders through thy streames,
And with my huge Club beat thy torrents backe,
With thine owne waters quench th' infernall fires
Thy figure serpentine, flat on the earth :
And when th'art Bull, catch fast hold by thy hornes,
And whirle thee 'bout my head thus into ayre.
Thou faire *Atolian* dame, I cannot wooe,
Nor paint my passions in smooth Oratory,
But fight for thee I can, 'gainst *Achelous*,

The Brazen Age.

Or all the horrid monsters of the earth.

Melea. When 'gins your proud and hostile enmity?
Behold the prize propos'd, the victors meed,
Champions your spirits inkindle at her eyes.
Ache. It is for her this bastard I despise.

Prepare thee *Theban*.

Herc. See, I am adrest
With this to thunder on thy captiue crest.
I cannot bellow in thy bombast phrase,
Nor deafe these free spectators with my braues.
I cut off words with deeds, and now behold
For me, the eccho of my blowes thus scold.

Alarme. *Achelous is beaten in, and immediatly enters in
the shape of a Dragon.*

Herc. Bee'st thou a God or hell-hound thus transhap't,
Thy terrour frights not me, serpent or diuell I'll e pass thee.

Alarme. *He beats away the dragon. Enter a Fury all fire-workes.*

Herc. Fright vs with fire? our Club shall quench thy flame,
And beat it downe to hell, from whence it came.

When the Fury sinks, a Bulls head appears.

Herc. What, yet more monsters? Serpent, Bull, and Fire,
Shall all alike taste great *Alcides* ire.

*He tugs with the Bull, and pluckes off one of his horns. Enter from
the same place Achelous with his fore-head all bloody.*

Ache. No more, I am thy Captiue, thou my Conquerer:
I see, no Magicke, or enchanting spell
Haue power on vertue and true fortitude.
No sleight Illusion can deceiue the eyes
Of him that is diuinely resolute.
I lay me at thy feet, a lowly vassaile,
Since thou hast rest me of that preccious horne,
Which tearing from my head in shape of Bull,
Thus wounded me. Take *Deianeira* freely,
Onely restore me that rich spoyle thou hast wonne,
Which all the Nymphes and graces dwelling neere,
Shall fill with redolent flowers, and delicate fruits,
And call it *Cornucopie*, plenties horne,

The Brazen Age.

In memory of *Achelous* losse,
And this high conquest won by *Hercules*.

Hercu. Hadst thou not stoopt thy horrid Taurine shape
I would haue peece-meale rent, and thy tough hide
Torne into rags as thicke as Autumne leaues:
Take thee thy life, and with thy life that spoile
Pluckt from thy mangled front, giue me my loue,
Ile stoare no hornes at winning of a wife.
Giue me bright *Deyanira*, take that horne,
So late from thy disfigured Temples torne.

Deyan. I haue my prayers, *Alcides* his desires,
Both meete in loue. *Oen.* Receiue her *Hercules*,
The conquest of thy warlike fortitude.

Herc. Wee take but what our valour purchast vs,
And beauteous Queene thou shalt assure his loue,
Whose puissant arme shall awe the triple world,
And make the greatest Monarches of the earth
To thy diuineft beauty tributary.

Meleag. Will *Hercules* stay heere in *Calidon*,
To solemnize the nuptials of our sister?
I *Meleager*, rich *Ætolians* heire,
Whose large Dominions stretch to *Oeta* Mount,
And to the bounds of fertile *Thessaly*
Will grace thy Bridals with the greatest pompe
Greece can affoord, nor is't my meanest honour
To be the brother to great *Hercules*.

Herc. Thanks *Meleager*, sojourne heere we cannot,
My step-dame *Inno* tasks me to more dangers:
Wee take thy beauteous sister in our guard,
Whom by *Ioues* aide wee straight will beare to *Thebes*.

Oen. A fathers wishes crowne the happinesse
Of his faire daughter.

Mel. And a brothers loue
Comfort thee where thou goest: If not with *Hercules*
Whom dare we trust thy safety.

Herc. Not *Ioues* guard
Can circle her with more security.

The Brazen Age.

Time calls vs hence, *Ætolian* Lords farewell.

Oen. Adiew braue sonne, and daughter, onely happy
In being thus bestowed, come *Achelous*,
With you we'le feast, nor let your foyle deiect you,
Or *Deyaniraes* losse; he's more then man,
And needes must he do this, that all things can. *Exeunt.*

Herc. Dares *Deyaneira* trust her persons safety
With vs a stranger, onely knowne by Fame.

Deyn. Wer't gainst the Lyons in *Chimera* bred,
Or those rude Beares that breed in *Caucasus*:
The *Hyrca*n Tigers or the *Syrian* Wolues,
Nay gainst the Giants that assaulted heauen
And with their shoulders made those bases shake
That prop *Olimpus*: liu'd *Enceladus*
With whom *Ioue* wrestled: euen against those monsters,
I'de thinke me safe incircled in these armes.

Herc. Thou art as safe as if immur'd in heauen,
Pal'd with that Christall wall that girts *Ioues* house,
Where all the Gods inhabite, built by fate,
Stay, I should know that Centaure. *Enter Nessus.*

Ness. That's *Hercules* I know him by his Club,
Whose ponderous weight I felt vpon my Skull
At the great Bridall of the *Lapithes*.
What louely Ladie's shee that in her beauty
So much exceeds faire *Hypodamia*?

Herc. Oh *Nessus*, thou of all thy cloud-bred race,
Alone didst scape by trusting to thy heeles
At *Hypodamia's* Bridals, but we now
Are friends, are wee not *Nessus*?

Ness. Yes great *Hercules*,
(Till I can find fit time for iust reuendge)
Methinkes my braines still rattle in my skull)
What Ladie's that in great *Alcides* Guard?

Herc. *Deyaneira*, daughter to the *Ætolian* King,
Sister to *Meleager*, now our Bride;
Wonne by the force of armes from *Achelous*,
The boysterous floud that flowes through *Calidon*.

Ness.

The Brazen Age.

Ness. A double enuy burnes in all my veines,
First for reuenge; next, that he should enioy
That beauteous maide whom *Nessus* dearely loues.
Will *Hercules* commande me? or his Bride?
I'll lackey by thee wheresoer'e thou goest,
And be the vassall to great *Hercules*.

Herc. We are bound for *Thebes*, but soft, what torrent's this
That intercepts our way? How shall we passe
These raging streames?

Ness. This is *Euenus* floud,
A dangerous current, full of whirle-poolles deepe,
And yet vnsounded: dar'st thou trust thy Bride
On *Nessus* backe? I'll vndertake to swimme her
Vnto the furthest strond, vpon my shoulders,
And yet not laue her shooe.

Herc. I'll pay thee for thy waftage Centaure, well,
And make thee Prince of all thy by-form'd race,
If thou wilt do this grace to *Hercules*:
But ferry her with safety, for by *Ioue*,
If thou but make her tremble in these streames,
Or let the least waue dash against her skirt;
If the least feare of drowning pale her cheeke,
I'll pound thee smaller then the Autumne dust
Toft by the warring winds?

Ness. Haue I not swomme
The *Hellesepont*, when waues high as yon hills
Toft by the winds, haue crown'd me, yet in spight
Of all their briny weight I haue wrought my selfe
Aboue the topmost billow to ore-looke
The troubled maine: come beauteous *Deyanaira*,
Not *Charon* with more safety ferries soules,
Then I will thee through this impetuous foord,

Herc. Receiue her Centaure, and in her the wealth
And potency of mighty *Hercules*.

Ness. Now my reuenge for that inhumaine banquet,
In which so many of the Centaures fell,
I'll rape this Princeesse, hauing past the floud

Come

The Brazen Age.

Come beauteous *Deyancira*, mount my shoulders,
And feare not your safe wastage.

Exeunt.

Herc. That done returne for vs: faire *Deiancira*,
White as the garden lilly, pyren snow,
Or rocks of Christall hardned by the Sunne:
Thou shalt be made the potent Queene of *Thebes*,
And all my *Iouiall* labours shall to thee
Be consecrate, as to *Alcides* loue.
Well plundge bold Centaure, how thy boysterous brest
Plowes vp the streames: thou through the swelling tides,
Sail'st with a freight more rich and beautifull,
Then the best ship cram'd with *Pangeous* gold:
With what a swift dexterity he parts
The mutinous waues, whose waters claspe him round,
Hee plaies and wantons on the curled streames,
And *Deyanira* on his shoulders fits
As safe, as if she stear'd a pine-tree barke.
They grow now towards the shore: my club and armes
I'll first cast or'e the deepe *Euenus* soord,
But from my side my quiver shall not part,
Nor this my trusty bow.

Deyan. Helpe *Hercules*.

Within.

Herc. 'Twas *Deyanciraes* voyce.

Deyan. The Traytor *Nessus*

Seekes to despoile mine honour, *Ioue*, you Gods:

Out trayterous Centaure: Helpe great *Hercules*.

Herc. Hold, lust-burnt Centaure, 'tis *Alcides* cals
Or swifter then *Ioues* lightning, my fierce vengeance
Shall crosse *Euenus*. *Deyan.* Oh, oh.

Herc. Darst thou deuill?

Couldst thou clime Heauen or sinke below the Center
So high, so low, my vengeance should persue thee,
Hold; if I could but fixe thee in my gripes,
I de teare thy limbes into more Atomies
Then in the Summer play before the Sunne.

Deyan. Helpe *Hercules* (out dog) *Alcides* helpe.

Herc. I'll send till I can come, this poisonous shaft

The Brazen Age.

Shall speake my fury and extract thy blood,
Till I my selfe can crosse this raging flood.

*Hercules shoots, and goes in: Enter Nessus with an arrow
through him, and Deianeira.*

Ness. Thy beauty *Deianeira* is my death,
And yet that *Nessus* dies embracing thee
Takes from my fences all those torturing pangues
That should associate death: to shew I lou'd thee,
I'll leaue thee, in my will, a legacy;
Shall stead thee more, then should thy father giue thee
Vnto thy Dower the Crowne of *Calidm.*
Of such great vertue is my liuing blood,
And of such prize, that couldst thou valew it,
Thou wouldst not let one drop fall to the ground:
But oh I die.

Deyan. Teach me to rate it truely.

Ness. Now *Nessus*, in thy death be aueng'd on him
On whom in life thou couldst not wreake thy rage:
(My blood is poison) all these pure drops saue,
Which I bequeath thee ere I take my graue:
I know thy Lord lasciuious, bent to lust,
Witnesse the fifty daughters of King *Thespeius*,
Whom in one night he did adulterate:
And of those fifty begot fifty sonnes:
Now if in all his quests, he be with-held
By any Ladies loue, and stay from thee,
Such is the vertue of my blood now shed,
That if thou dipst a shirt, stept in the least
Of all these drops, and sendst it to thy Lord,
No sooner shall it touch him, but his loue
Shall die to strangers, and reuiue to thee,
Make vse of this my loue.

Deyan. Centaure, I will.

Ness. And so, whom *Nessus* cannot, do thou kill,
Still dying men speake true: 'tis my last cry,
Saue of my blood, 't may steede thee ere thou die.

Deyan. Though I my lone mistrust not, yet this counsell

The Brazen Age.

I'll not despise: this if my Lord should stray,
Shall to my desolate bed teach him the way.

Enter Hercules.

Herc. After long struggling with *Euennus* streames,
I forc't the riuer beare me on her brest,
And land me safely on this further strond,
To make an end of what my shaft begunne,
The life of *Nessus*, liues the Centaure yet?

Deyan. Behold him grouelling on the sencelesse earth,
His wounded breast transfixt by *Hercules*.

Here. That the luxurious slaue were sensible
Of torture; not th'infernals with more pangues
Could plague the villaine then *Alcides* should.
Ixions bones rackt on the torturing wheele
Should be a pastime: the three snake-hair'd sisters,
That lash offenders with their whips of Steele,
Should seeme to dally, when with euery string
They cut the flesh like razors: but the dead
Wee hate to touch, as cowardly and base,
And vengeance not becomming *Hercules*.
Come *Deyaneira*, first to consumate
Our high espowals in triumphant *Thebes*,
That done, our future labours wee'll persue,
And by the assistance of the powers Diuine,
Striue to act more then *Iuno* can assigne.

Exit,

Enter HOMER.

*Faire Deyaneira unto Thebes being guided,
And Hercules espowals solemnized.
Hec for his further labours soone provided,
As Iuno by Euritius had deuised.
The Apples of Hesperia first he wan,
Manger huge Atlas that supports the sphere;
And whilst the Gyant on his businesse ran;
Alcides takes his place, and proudly beares
The beaue's huge frame: thence into Scythia hies,*

The Brazen Age.

*And their the Amazonian Baldricke gaines,
By conquering Menalip (a braue prise) ;
The warlike Quene that ore the Scithians raignes.
That hee supported heauen, doth well expresse
His Astronomicke skill, knowledge in starres:
They that such practise know, what do they lesse
Then beare heauens weight: so of the Lernean warres.
Where be the many-headed Hydra slen,
A Serpent of that nature, when his sword
Par'd off one head, from that another grew.
This shewed his Logicke skill: from enery word
And argument confuted, there arise
From one a multiplicity, therefore we
Poets and such as are esteemed wise,
Instruct the world by such morality.
To conquer Hydra shewed his powerfull skill
In disputation, how to argue well.
(By all that vnderstand in custome still)
And in this Art did Hercules excell.
Now we the Egyptian tyrant must present,
Bloody Busiris, a king fell and rude,
One that in murder plac't his sole content,
With whose sad death our first Act we conclude.*

*Enter Busyris with his Guard and Priests to sacrifice; to them two
strangers, Busyris takes them and kils them vpon the Altar: en-
ter Hercules disguis'd, Busyris sends his Guard to apprehend
him, Hercules discovering himselfe beates the Guard, kils Bu-
syris and sacrificeth him vpon the Altar, at which there falls a
shower of raine, the Priests offer Hercules the Crowne of E-
gypt which he refuseth.*

*HOMER. In Egypt there of long time fell no raine,
For which vnto the Oracle they sent:
Answeres return'd, that till one stranger slaine,
Immon'd shall be the Marble firmament.
Therefore the Tyrant all these strangers kils
That enter Egypt, till Alcides came*

The Brazen Age.

*And with the tyrants bulke the Altar fills:
At whose red slaughter fell a plenteous raine.
For he that stranger and vsurper was,
Whose bloudy fate the Oracle forespake.
But for a while we let Alcides passe,
Whom these of Egypt would their soueraigne make,
For freeing them from such a tyrants rage;
Now Melcager next must fill our stage.*

Actus 2. Scœna 2.

Enter Venus like a Huntresse, with Adonis.

Venus. Why doth *Adonis* flye the Queene of loue?
And shun this Iuory girdle of my armes?
To be thus scarft the dreadfull God of warre
Would giue me conquered kingdomes: For a kisse
(But halfe like this) I could command the Sunne
Rise 'fore his houre, to bed before his time:
And (being loue-sicke) change his golden beames,
And make his face pale, as his sister Moone.
Come, let vs tumble on this violet banke:
Pre'thee be wanton; let vs toy and play,
Thy Icy fingers warme betweene my breasts;
Looke on me *Adon* with a stedfast eye,
That in these Christall glasses I may see
My beauty, that charmes Gods, makes men amaz'd,
And stownd with wonder: doth this roseat pillow
Offend my loue? come, wallow in my lap,
With my white fingers I will clap thy cheek,
Whisper a thousand pleasures in thine eare.

Adonis. Madame, you are not modest: I affect
The vnseene beauty that adornes the minde.
This loosenesse makes you fowle in *Adons* eye:
If you will tempt me, let me in your face
Reade blushfulnesse, and feare; a modest blush
Would make your cheek seeme much more beautifull.

The Brazen Age.

If you will whisper pleasure in mine eare,
Praise chastity, or with your lowd voyce shrill
The tunes of hornes, and hunting; they please best:
Il'e to the chace, and leaue you to the rest.

Venus. Thou art not man; yet wer't thou made of stone,
I haue heate to melt thee. I am Queene of loue,
There is no practiue art of dalliance
Of which I am not Mistresse, and can vse.
I haue kisses that can murder vnkinde words,
And strangle hatred, that the gall sends forth:
Touches to raise thee, were thy spirits halfe dead:
Words that can powre affection downe thine eares.
Loue me! thou canst not chuse, thou shalt not chuse.
Am I not *Venus*? Hadst thou *Cupids* arrowes,
I should haue tooke thee to haue beene my sonne:
Art thou so like him, and yet canst not loue?
I thinke you are brothers.

Adonis. Madame, you wooe not well, men couet not
These proffered pleasures; but loue-sweets deny'd:
What I command, that cloyes my appetite;
But what I cannot come by I adore.
These prostituted pleasures surfet still,
Wheres feare, or doubt, men sue with best good will.

Venus. Thou canst instruct the Queene of loue in loue.
Thou shalt not (*Adon*) take me by the hand;
Yet if thou needs wilt force me, theres my palme.
Il'e frowne on him (alas! my brow's so smooth
It will not beare a wrinkle:) hye thee hence
Vnto the chace, and leaue me: but not yet,
Il'e sleepe this night vpon *Endimions* banke,
On which the Swaine was courted by the Moone.
Dare not to come, thou art in our disgrace;
(Yet if thou come I can affoord thee place.)

Adonis. I must begone.

Venus. Sweet whither?

Adonis. To the Chace.

Venus. What doest thou hunt?

The Brazen Age.

Adonis. The Calidonian Boare,
To which the Princes and best spirits of *Greece*
Are now assembled.

Venus. I beshrew thee boy,
That very word strooke from my heart all ioy :
It startled mee, me thinkes I see thee dye
By that rude Boare. Hunt thou the beasts that flye,
The wanton Squirrell, or the trembling Hare,
The crafty Fox : these pastimes fearelesse are.
The greedy Wolues, and fierce Beares arm'd with clawes,
Rough shouldred Lyons, such as glut their iawes
With heards at once, Fell Boares, let them passe by,
Adon, these looke not with thy *Venus* eye.
They iudge not beauty, nor distinguish youth,
These are their prey; My pittie, loue and ruth
Liues not in them. Oh to thy selfe be kinde,
Thou from their mouthes, my kisses shalt not find.

Winde hornes within.

Adonis. The summons to the chace, *Venus* adue.

Ven. Leauē those, turne head, chuse those thou maist pur-

Adonis. I am resolu'd, Il'e helpe to rouze yon beast. (sue

Venus. Thou art to decre his sauadge throat to feast.

Forbeare. *Adonis.* In vaine.

Venus. Appoynt when we shall meet.

Adonis. After the chace. Farewell then.

Venus. Farewell sweet.

Adonis. This kissing.

Venus. *Adon,* guard thee well, expresse
Thy loue to me, in being of thy selfe
Carefull and chary : they that raze thy skin
Wound me. Be wise my *Adon.*

Adon. Neuer doubt. So then *He kisseth her.*

Venus. But lip-labour, yet ill left out. *Exeunt.*

Winde hornes. Enter with *Iauelings*, and in greene, *Meleager*, *Theseus*, *Telamon*, *Castor*, *Pollux*, *Iason*, *Peleus*,
Nestor, *Atreus*, *Toxens*, *Plexippus*.

Meleag

The Brazen Age.

Melea. The cause of this conuention (Lords of Greece)
Needs no expreffion; and yet briefly thus:
Oeneus our father, the *Aetolians* King,
Of all his fruits and plenty, gaue due rights
To all the Gods and Goddeffes, *Ioue*, *Ceres*,
Bacchus, and *Pallas*; but among the reft,
Dianna he neglects: for which irrag'd,
She hath sent (to plague vs) a huge fauadge Boare,
Of an vn-measured height and magnitude.
What better can describe his shape and terror
Then all the pittious clamours shrild through *Greece*?
Of his depopulations, fpoyles, and preyes?
His flaming eyes they sparkle bloud and fire,
His bristles poynted like a range of pikes
Ranck't on his backe: his foame fnowes where he feeds
His tuskcs are like the Indian Oliphants.
Out of his iawes (as if *Ioues* lightning flew)
He fcortches all the branches in his way,
Plowcs vp the fields, treads flat the fields of graine.
In vaine the Sheepeheard or his dogge fecures
Their harmleffe fowlds. In vaine the furious Bull
Striues to defend the heard ore which he Lords.
The Collonies into the Citties flye,
And till immur'd, they thinke themfelues not fafe.
To chace this beaft we haue met on *Oeta* mount,
Attended by the nobleft fpirits of *Greece*.

Tela. From populous *Salamine* I *Telamon*
Am at thy faire request, King *Meleager*,
Come to behold this beaft of *Calidon*,
And proue my vertue in his fterne purfuite.

Iafon. Not *Meleagers* loue, more then the zeale
I beare my honour, hath drawne *Iafon* hither,
To this aduenture, yet both forcible
To make me try ftrange maifteries 'gainft that monfter,
Whofe fury hath fo much amaz'd all *Greece*.

Caftor. That was the caufe I *Caftor*, with my brother
Pollux, arriu'd, and left our fifter *Hellen*

The Brazen Age.

Imbrac't by our old father *Tyndarus*,
To rouse this beast.

Pollux. Let vs no more be held
The sonnes of *Lada*, and begot by *Ioue*,
Brothers, and cal'd the two *Tyndarian* twins
If we returne not crimson'd in the spoiles
Of this fierce Boare.

Nestor. To that end *Nestor* came.
Nestor, that hath already liu'd one age,
And entred on the second, to the third
May I nere reach, if part of that wilde swine
I bring not home to *Pylos* where I reigne.

Atr. My yong son *Agamemnon*, and his brother
Prince *Menelaus* in his swathes at home,
Without some honour purchast on this Boare,
May I no more see, or *Myceenes* visit.

Thes. Well speakes *Atreus*, and his noble acts
Stil equalize his language. Shall not *Thesens*
Venter as farre as any? heauens you know
I dare as much 'gainst any mortall foe.

Tox. Wher's *Hercules*, that at this noble busines
He is not present, being neere ally'd
To *Meleager*, hauing late espoused
His sister *Deianeira*?

Plex. He's for *Busiris*, that *Egyptian* tyrant,
Mel. Else noble valour, he would haue bin first
To haue purchast honour in this hauty quest.

Enter Atlanta with a Iauelin. Hornes winded.

Atl. Haile princes, let it not offend this troop,
That I a Princeesse and *Atlanta* cald,
A virgin Huntresse, presse into the field,
In hope to double guild my Iauelins poyn
In blood of yon wilde swine.

Melca. *Virgineam in puero. puerilem in virgine vultum*
Aspicio. Oh you Gods! or make her mine,
Stated with vs the *Calidonian* Queene,
Or let this monstrous beast confound me quite,

The Brazen Age.

And in his vast wombe bury all my fate.
Beauteous *Atlanta* welcome, grace her princes
For *Meleagers* honour.

Iason. Come, shal's vncupple Lords,
Some plant the toiles, others brauely mount,
To vn-den this sauadge.

Melea. Time and my bashfull loue
Admits no courtship, Lady ranke with vs.
It'e be this day your guardian, and a shield
Betweene you and all danger.

Atlant. We are free,
And in the chace will our owne guardian be.
Shals to the field, my Iauelin and these shafts,
Pointed with death, shall with the formost flye,
And by a womans hand the beast shall dye.

Enter Adonis winding his horne.

Melea. As bold as faire; but soft, whose bugle's that
Which cal's vs to the chace? *Adonis* yours?

Adonis. Mine oh you noble *Greekes*, we haue discovered
The dreadfull monster wallowing in his den:
The toyles are fixt, the huntsmen plac't on hills
Prest for the charge, the fierce *Thessalian* hounds
With their flagge eares, ready to sweep the dew
From the moist earth: their breasts are arm'd with Steele,
Against the incounter of so grimja beast:
The hunters long to vncupple, and attend
Your presence in the field.

Atlanta. Follow *Atlanta*.

It'e try what prince will second me in field,
And make his Iauelins point shake euen with mine.

Melea. That *Meleagers* shall.

Tela. Nor *Telamon*

Will come behinde *Atlanta*, or the Prince.

Iason. Charge brauely then your Iauelins, send them singing
Through the cleare aire, and aime them at yon fiend,
Den'd in the quechy bogge, the signall Lords.

All. charge, charge. *a great winding of hornes, & shouts.*

Meleag.

The Brazen Age.

Meleag: Princes, shrill your Bugles free,
And all *Atlanta's* danger fall on me.

Enter Iason and Telamon.

Iason. This way, this way, renowned *Telamon*,
The Boare makes through yon glade, and from the hills
He hurries like a tempest: In his way
He prostrates trees, and like the bolt of *Ioue*,
Shatters where ere he comes.

Tela. *Diana's* wrath
Sparkles grim terrour from his fiery eyes:
One Iauelin pointed with the purest brasse,
I haue blunted 'gainst his ribs, yet he vnscar'd,
The head, as darted 'gainst a rocke of marble,
Rebounded backe.

Iason. He shakes off from his head
Our best *Thessalian* dogges, like Sommer flies:
Nor can their sharpe phangs fasten on his hide.
Follow the cry. *A shout. Enter Castor and Pollux.*

Castor. Wher's noble *Telamon*?

Pollux. Or warlike *Iason*?

Iason. Here you *Tyndarides*,
Speake, which way bends this plague of *Caliden*?

Castor. Here may you stand him, for behold he comes
Like a rough torrent, swallowing where he spreads,
Ouer his head a cloud of terrour hangs
In which leane death (as in a Chariot) rides,
Darting his shafts on all sides: 'mongst the Princes
Of fertill *Greece*, *Ancens* bowels lye
Strewd on the earth, torne by his rauenuous tuskes:
And had not *Nestor* (by his Iauclins helpe)
Leap't vp into an Oke to haue scap't his rage,
He had now perisht in his second Age.

Pollux. *Peleus* is wounded, *Pelegon* lies flaine,
Eupalemon hath all his body rent
With an oblique wound: yet *Meleager* still,
And *Theseus*, and *Atræus*, with the rest,

The Brazen Age.

Pursue the chace, with Boare-speares cast so thicke,
That where they flye, they seeme to darke the ayre,
And where they fall, they threaten imminent ruine.

Iason. To these wee' adde our fury, and our fire,
And front him, though his brow bare figured hell,
And euery wrinkle were the gulfe of Styx
By which the Gods contest: Come noble *Telamon*,
Diana's monster by our hands shall fall,
Or (with the Princes slaine) let's perish all. *Exeunt.*

Hornes and shouts. Enter Meleager, Atlanta.

Meleag. Thou beauteous *Nonacris*, *Arcadia's* pride,
How hath thy valour with thy fortune ioyn'd,
To make thee staine the generall fortitude
Of all the Princes we deriue from *Greece*,
Thy launces poynt hath on yon armed monster,
Made the first wound, and the first crimson droppe
Fell from his side, thy ayme and arme extracted,
Thy fame shall neuer dye in *Calidon*.

Atl. We trifle heere, what shall *Atlanta* gaine
The first wounds honour, and be absent from
The monsters death, we must haue hand in both.

Melea. Thou hast purchast honour and renowne enough,
Oh staine not all the generall youth of *Greece*,
By thy too forward spirit. Come not neere
Yon rude blood-thirsty sauadge, lest he prey
On thee, as on *Anceus*, and the rest,
Let me betweene thee and all dangers stand. *Hornes.*
Fight, but fight safe beneath our puissant hand.

Atl. The cry comes this way, all my shafts I'll spend.
To giue the fury that affrights vs, end.

Melea. And ere that monster on *Atlanta* pray,
This point of Steele shal through his hart make way. *exeunt.*

After great shouts, enter Venus.

Venus. *Adonis*, thou that makest *Venus* a Huntresse,
Leaue *Paphos*, *Gnidon*, *Eryx*, *Erecine*,
And *Amathion*, with precious mettals bigge,
Mayst thou this day liue bucklerd in our wing,

And

The Brazen Age.

And shadowed in the amorous power of loue:
My swannes I haue vnyoakt, and from their necks
Tane of their bridles made of twisted filke.
And from my chariot stucke with Doves white plumes
Lighted vpon this verdure, where the Boare
Hath in his fury snow'd his scattered foame. *A cry*
What cry was that? It was *Adonis* fure. *within.*
That pierceant shrike shrild through the muscicall pipes
Of his sweete voyces organs, thou *Diana*
If thou hast sent this fiende to ruin loue,
Or print the least skarre in my *Adons* flesh
Thy chastity I will abandon quite,
And with my loosensse, blast thy *Cinthian* light.

Enter Theseus and Nestor, bringing in Adonis wounded to death.

Thes. There lie most beauteous of the youths of *Greece*,
Whose death I will not mourne, ere I reuenge!

Nest. I'le second thee, thou pride of *Greece* adiew,
Whom too much valor in thy prime ore-threw. *Exit.*

Ven. Yare not mine eyes, for they to see him dead
Would from their soft beds drop vpon the earth:
Or in their owne warme liquid moisture drowne
Their natie brightnesse: th'art not *Venus* heart,
For wert thou mine, at this sad spectacle
Th'dst breake these ribs though they were made of brasse,
And leap out of my bosome instantly.
My sorrowes like a populous throng, all struiuing
At once to passe through some inforced breach,
In stead of winning passage stop the way,
And so the greatest hast, breeds the most stay.
Oh mee! my multiplicity of sorrowes,
Makes me almost forget to grieve at all.
Speake, speake, my *Adon*, thou whom death hath fed on
Ere thou wast yet full ripe; and this thy beautie's
Deuour'd ere tasted. Eye, where's now thy brightnesse?
Or hand thy warmth? Oh that such louely parts

The Brazen Age.

Should be by death thus made vnseruiceable.
That (liuest then) had the power to intrance *Ioue*:
Rauish, amaze, and surfet, all these pleasures
Venus hath lost by thy vntimely fall.
And therefore for thy death eternally
Venus shall mourne; Earth shall thy trunke deuoure,
But thy liues blood I'll turne into a flower,
And euery Month in sollemne rights deplore,
This beauteous *Greece* slaine by *Dianaes* Boare. *Exit.*

*The fall of the Boare being winded, Meleager with the head of
the Boare, Atlanta, Nestor, Toxens, Plexippus, Iason,
Theseus, &c. with their iauellins bloudied.*

Mel. Thus lies the terror that but once to day
Aw'd all the boldest hearts of *Calidon*
Wallowing and weltering in his native blood,
Transfixt by vs, but brauely seconded,
By noble *Iason*, *Theseus*, *Peleus*,
Telamon, *Nestor*, the *Tyndarides*,
And our bold vnckles, al our bore-speares stain'd
And gory hands lau'd in his reeking blood,
To whom belongs this braue victorious spoile?

All. To *Meleager* Prince of *Calidon*.

Mel. Is that your generall suffrage?

Iason. Let not *Greece*

Suffer such merite vnregarded passe,
Or valour liue vnguerdon'd, that fel Swine
Whom yet, euen dead, th'amazed people feare,
And dare not touch but with astonishment
Fell by thy hand.

Tel. Thou stoodst his violence,
Till thy sharpe Iauelin grated gainst his braines,
Beneath his shield thou entredst to his heart.
At that we guirt him till a thousand wounds,
Hee from a thousand hands receiu'd at once:
And in his fall it seem'd the earth did groane,

And

The Brazen Age.

And the fixt Center tremble vnder him.

Castor. The spoile is thine, the yong *Adonis* death,
Ancens slaughter, and the massacre

Of *Archas*, *Pelagon*, *Eupateinon*

And all the *Grecian* Princes lost this day,

Thou hast reueng'd, therefore be thine the fame,

Which with a generall voyce *Greece* shall proclaime.

Mel. Princes wee thanke you, 'tis mine giuen me free.
Which faire *Atlanta* we bestow on thee.

Tox. Ha, to a woman.

Plex. And so many men,
Ingag'd in't, call backe thy gift againe.

Cast. *Greece* is by this disparaged, and our fame
Fowly eclips'd.

Pollux Snatch't from that emulous Dame.

Mel. Murmur you Lords at *Meleagers* bounty,

We first bestow'd it as our owne by giust,

Yea, and by right, but now we render it

To bright *Atlanta*, as her owne by due

As shee that from the Boare the first bloud drew.

Nest. We must not suffer this disgrace to *Greece*.

Aire. Let women claime 'mongst women eminence,

Our Lofly spirits, that honour haue in chace,

Cannot digest wrongs womanish and base.

Cast. Restore this woman and thy sex enuy

For fortitude, aime not at quests so hye.

Iason. *Castor* forbear.

Tella. Hee giues but what's his owne.

Thes. Tis the Kings bounty,

Mel. By the immortall Gods,

That gaue vs this daies honour, the same hand

By which the *Calidonian* terror fell,

Shall him that frownes or murmurs lanch to hell.

All. That will we try.

Mel. Then reskue for *Atlanta*,

This day shall fall for thee, that art diuine,

Monsters more sauadge then *Dianaes* swine.

The Brazen Age.

*A strange confused fray, Toxenus and Plexippus are slaine by
Meleager, Iason and Tellamon stand betweene the
two factions.*

Ias. No more, no more, behold your vnckles slaine,
Saue in this act two Noble Gentlemen,
Pursue not fury to the spoile of *Greece*,
And death of more braue Princes: let your rage
Be here confin'de, cut off this purple streame
In his mid course, and turne this torrent backe
Which in his fury else may drown'd vs all.

Tel. I second *Iason* and expose my selfe,
Betweene these factions to compose a peace.

Mel. Wee haue done too much already, impious fury,
How boundlesse is thy power: vncircumscribed
By thought or reason, th'art all violence,
Thy end repentance, sorrow and distaste.
How will *Althea* take her brothers death
From her sons hand, but rash deeds executed
May be lamented, neuer be recal'd
Shall the suruiuers bee atton'd?

Atreus. So it be done with honour on both parts
Wee haue swords to guard our fortunes and our liues,
And but an equall language will keepe both.
Thus at the point.

Thes. Ioyne hands renowned Princes,
The fury of the Prince of *Calidon*
Hath prey'd but on his owne, there let it end,
No further by your vrgent spleenes extend.

Castor. We are appeas'd.

Iason. Lords freely then embrace.

Mel. First then, wee'le royally interre our vnckles,
And spend some teares vpon their funerall rites;
That done wee'le in our Palace feast these Princes,
With bright *Atlanta*, whom wee'le make our Queene,
Our Vnckles once bestow'de into the earth,
Our mournings shall expire in Bridall mirth.

*Exeunt.
Ente*

The Brazen Age.

*Enter K.Oeneus and Althea, meeting the bodies of their
two brothers borne.*

Oen. Come to the Temple there to sacrifice
For these glad tydings, since the Boare lies dead,
That fil'd our kingdome with such awe and dread.

Alth. What ioy names *Oeneus* in this spectacle?
This of a thousand the most sad and tragicke,
Whose murdered trunks be these?

Seru. Your royall brothers, Prince *Toxenus* and *Plexippus*,

Althea. Speake, how slaine?

Seru. Not by the Boare, but by your sons owne hand.

Althea. By *Meleagers*, how? vpon what quarrell?
Could the proud boy ground such a damned act.

Seru. Your sonne to faire *Atlanta* gaue the prise
Of this daies trauell, which for, they with-stood
In mutinous armes they losse their vitall blouds.

Alth. Shall I reuenge or mourne them.

Oen. O strange fate.

An obiect that must shorten *Oeneus* daies,
And bring these winter haire to a sad Tombe
Longere there date; I sinke beneath these sorrowes
Into my blacke and timelesse monument.

Althea. My sorrowes turne to rage, my teares to fire,
My praiers to curses, vowes into reuenge. (diction

Oen. Peace, peace my Queene, let's beare the Gods vin-
With patience, as wee did *Dianaes* wrath:
Where Gods are bent to punish, we may grieue
But can our selues nor succour, nor relieue.

Come, let vs do to them their latest rites,
Wait on their Hearses in our mourning blacke;
Their happy soules are mounted 'boue the spheares,
We'le wash their bodies in our funerall teares. *Exit.*

Manet Althea.

Althea. *Althea* what distraction's this within thee?
A sister or a mother wilt thou bee?
Since both I cannot, (for these Princes slaine)

The Brazen Age.

Sister I chuse, a mothers name disdain:
The fatall brand in which the murderers life
Securely lies, I'll hurle into the fire
And as it flames, so shall the slaue expire.
Mischeife I'll heape on mischeife, bad on ill,
Wrong pay with wrongs, and slaughter these that kill.
And since the Gods would all our glories thrall,
I will with them haue chiefe hand in our fall.
But hee's my sonne: oh pardon me deere brothers,
Being a mother if I spare his life,
Though it bee fit his sinne be plag'd with death,
And that his life lie in yon fatall brand,
'Twill not come fitly from a mothers hand.
Is this the hope of all my ten months paine,
Must he by th'hand of him that nurs't him now be slaine?
Would he had perisht in his cradle, when
I gaue him twice life: in his birth, and then
When I the brand snatcht from the rauinous flame,
And for this double good, hast thou with shame
And iniury repaide me? I will now
A sister be, no mother, for I vow
Reuenge and death; Furies, assist my hand
Whilst in red flames I cast his vitall brand.

Exit.

*A banquet, enter Meleager, Iason, Theseus, Castor, Pollux,
Nestor, Peleus. Atreus, Atlanta.*

Meleag. For faire *Atlanta*, and your Honours, Lords
We banquet you this day: and to beginne
Our festiualls we'll crowne this *Iouiall* health
Vnto our brother, *Theban Hercules*
And *Deyaneira*, will you pledge it Lords?

Iason. None but admire and loue their matchlesse worths,
Not faire *Atlanta* will refuse this health.

Atlan. You beg of mee a pledge, I'll take it *Iason*,
As well for his sake that beginnes the round,
As those to whom 'tis vow'd.

Tell.

The Brazen Age.

Tell. Well spoke *Atlanta*, but I wonder Lords
What Prouince now holds *Theban Hercules*?

Thes. He is the mirrour and the pride of *Greece*,
And shall in after ages be renoun'd,
But we forget his health, come *Tellamon*
Aime it at mee. *A fire: Enter Althea with the brand.*

Althea. Assist my rage you sterne *Eumenides*,
To you this blacke deed will I consecrate.
Pitty away, hence thou consanguine loue,
Maternall zeale, peccentall piety.
All cares, loues, duties, offices, affections,
That grow 'twene sonnes and mothers, leaue this place;
Let none but furies, murders, paracides,
Be my assistants in this dam'd attempt:
All that's good and honest, I confine,
Blacke is my purpose; Hell my thoughts are thine.

Mel. To bright *Atlanta* this loud musicke sown'd,
Her health shall with our lostriest straines be crown'd.

Althea. Drinke, quaffe, be blith; oh how this festiue ioy
Stirs vp my fury to reuenge and death,
Thus, thus, (you Gods aboue, abiect your eies
From this vnnaturall act) the murderer dies.

Shes fires the brand.

Mel. Oh, oh.

Atlan. My Lord.

Mel. I burne, I burne.

Iason. What suddaine passion's this?

Mele. The flames of hell, and *Pluto's* sightlesse fires,
Are through my entrals and my veines dispiers't, oh!

Tell. My Lord take courage.

Mel. Courage *Tellamon*?

I haue a heart dares threate or challenge hell,
A brow front heauen; a hand to challenge both:
But this my paine's beyond all humane sufferance,
Or mortall patience.

Althea. What hast thou done *Althea*? stay thy fury,
And bring not these strange torments on thine owne

The Brazen Age.

Thou hast too much already, backe my hand, [*She takes out*
And saue his life as thou conseru'st this brand. *the brand.*

Atlan How cheeres the warlike Prince of *Calidon*?

Mel. Well now, I am at ease and peace within,
Whither's my torture fled? that with such suddenesse
Hath freed me from disturbance, were we ill?
Come sit againe to banquet, musicke sownd,
Till this to *Deyaneirae's* health go round.

Althea. Shall mirth and ioy crowne his degenerate head?
Whilst his cold Vnkles on the earth lie spread?
No, wretched youth whilst this hand can destroy,
I'll cut thee off in midst of all thy ioy. *She fires the brand.*

Mel. Againe, Againe.

Althea. Burne, perish, wast, fire, sparkle, and consume
And all thy vitall spirits flie with this fume.

Mel. Still, still, there is an *Aetna* in my bosome
The flames of *Stix*, and fires of *Acheron*
Are from the blacke *Chimerian* shades remou'd,
And fixt heere, heere; oh for *Euenus* flood,
Or some coole streame, to shoote his currents through
My flaming body, make thy channell heere
Thou mighty flood that streamest through *Calidon*
And quench me, all you springs of *Thessaly*
Remoue your heads, and fixe them in my veines
To coole me, oh!

Iason. Defend vs heauen, what suddaine extasy
Or vnexpected torture hath disturb'd
His health and mirth?

Mel. Worse then my torment,
That I must die thus, thus, that the Boare had slaine me,
Happy *Ancus* and *Adonis* blest,
You died with fame, and honour crownes your rest;
My flame increaseth still, oh father *Oeneus*
And you *Althea*, whom I would call mother
But that my genius prompts me th'art vnkind,
And yet farewell, *Atlanta* beauteous maide,
I cannot speake my thoughts for torture, death,

Anguish

The Brazen Age.

Anguish and paines, all that *Promethean* fire
Was stolne from heauen, the Thiefe left in my bosome.
The Sunne hath cast his element on me,
And in my entralls hath he fixt his Spheare,
His pointed beames he hath darted through my heart,
And I am still on flame.

Althea. So, now 'tis done,
The brand consum'd, his vitall threed quire spun. *Exit.*

Melcag. Now 'gins my fire waste, and my naturall heat
To change to Ice, and my scotch't blood to freeze.
Farewell, since his blacke ensigne death displayes,
I dye, cut off thus in my best of dayes. *He dyes.*

Iason. Dead is the flower and pride of *Calidon*.
Who would displease the Gods? *Diana's* wrath
Hath stretch't euen to the death, and tragicke ruine
Of this faire hopefull Prince, here stay thy vengeance
Goddesse of chastity, and let it hang
No longer ore the house of *Calidon*:
Since thou hast cropt the yong, spare these old branches
That yet suruiue. *Enter Althea.*

Althea. She shall not, *Iason* no,
She shall not: Do you wonder Lords of *Greece*,
To see this Prince lye dead? why that's no nouell,
All men must dye, thou, he, and euery one,
Yea I my selfe must: but Il'e tell you that
Shall stiffe your haire, your eyes start from heads,
Print fixt amazement in your wondring fronts,
Yea and astonish all: This was my sonne,
Borne with sick throws, nurs't from my tender breast
Brought vp with femine care, cherisht with loue:
His youth, my pride; his honour all my wishes,
So deere, that little lesse he was then life.
But will you know the wonder ('lasse) too true,
Him (all my sonnes) this my inrag'd hand slue,
This hand, that *Dians* quenchlesse rage to fill,
Shall with the slaine sonnes sword the mother kill.

Althea kills herselfe with Melcagers sword.

The Brazen Age.

Tela. The Queene hath slaine her selfe : who'l beare these
newes to the sad King? *Enter a seruant.*

Seru. That labour may be spar'd :
The King no sooner heard of his sonnes death,
(wrought by his mother in the fatall brand)
But he sunke dead : sorrow so chang'd his weakenesse,
And without word or motion he expir'd.

Iason. Wee'l see them (ere we part from *Calidon*)
Inter'd with honour : But we sojourne long
In this curst Clime ; oh let vs not incurre
Diana's fury, our next expedition
Shall be for *Colchos*, and the golden Fleece,
Vnto which (Princes) we inuite you all.
Our stately *Argoe* we haue rig'd and trim'd,
And in it we will beare the best of *Greece*,
Stil'd from our ship by name of *Argonauts*.
Great *Hercules* will with his company,
Grace our aduenture, and renowne all *Greece*,
By the rich purchase of the *Colchian Fleece*. *Exit.*

H O M E R.

*Let not euen Kings against the Gods contest,
Lest in this fall their ruines be exprest.
Thinke Hercules, from cleansing the fowle stall
And stable of Augeus, in which fed
Three hundred Oxen, (neuer freed at all,
Till his arriue) return'd where he was bred,
To Thebes ; there Deianeira him receiues
With glad embraces, but he staies not long,
Iason the Lady of her Lord bereaues :
For in the new-rig'd Argoe, with the yong
And sprightly Heroes, he at Colchos aimes,
Where the rich Fleece must publish their high fames.*

*Enter Deianeira and Lychas : to her Hercules, receiued with
ioy, after the presentment of some of his labours. To them march
in all the Argonauts, Iason, Telamon, Atreus, Castor, Pollux,
Theseus*

The Brazen Age.

*Theseus, &c. Iason perswades Hercules to the adventure: hee
leaves Deianeira, and marcheth off with the Argonauts.*

*Imagine now these Princes under saile,
Steering their course as farre as high-rear'd Troy,
Where King Laomedon doth much bewaile
His daughter, whom a Sea-whale must destroy.
Obserue this well: for here begins the iarre
Made Troy rask't after in a ten yeares warre.*

Sound. Enter King Laomedon, Anchises, yong Priam, Aeneas, Hefione bound, with other Lords and Ladyes.

*Laomed. Hefione, this is thy last on earth,
Whose fortunes we may mourne, though not preuent:
Would Troy, whose walles I did attempt to reare,
Had nere growne higher then their ground-fils, or
In their foundation buried beene, and lost,
Since their high structure must be thus maintain'd,
With blood of our bright Ladyes: Oh Hefione!
Th'onely remainder of these female dames
Begot by vs, I must bequeath thy body
To be the food of Neptunes monstrous Whale.*

*Priam. Had you kept troth and promise with the Gods,
This had not chanc't: You borrowed of the Priests
Of Neptune and Apollo, Sea, and Sunne,
That quantity of gold, which to this height
And spacious compasse, hath immur'd great Troy;
But the worke finish't, you deny'd to pay
The Priests their due, for which intraged Neptune
Assembled his high tides, thinking to drowne
Our lofty buildings, and to ruine Troy:
But when the Moone, by which the Seas are gouern'd,
Retir'd his waters by her powerfull wane,
He left behind him such infectious slime,
Which the Sunne poysoning by his persant beames.
They by their mutuall power, rais'd a hot plague,*

To

The Brazen Age.

To slacke this hot pest, *Neptune* made demand,
Monthly a Lady to be chus'd by lot,
To glut his huge Sea-monsters rauenous iawes :
The lot this day fell on *Hesione*
Our beauteous sifter.

Laom. *Priam*'tis too true,
Till now *Laomedon* nere knew his guilt,
Or thought the Gods could punish.

Hesio. Royall father,
Mourne not for me, the Gods must be appeas'd,
And I in this am happy, that my death
Is made th'attonement 'twene those angry powers
And your afflicted people, though my Innocence
Neuer deseru'd such rigor from the Gods.
Come good *Anchises*, binde me to this rocke,
And let my body glut th'insatiate fury
Of angry *Neptune*, and th'offended Sunne.

Anchis. A more vnwilling monster neuer past.
Anchises hand.

Laom. Now, now the time drawes nyc,
That my sweet childe by *Neptunes* whale must dye,

Priam. The very thought of it swallowes my heart
As deepe in sorrow, as the monster can
Bury my sifter.

A great shout within.

Laom. Soft, what clamor's that?

Aeneas. A stately ship, well rig'd with swelling sailes,
Enters the harbour, bound (by their report)
For *Colchos*: but when they beheld the shores
Couered with multitudes, and spy'd from farre,
Your beauteous daughter fastned to the rocke,
They made to know the cause; which certified,
One noble *Grecke* amongst these Heroes stands,
And offers to incounter *Neptunes* whale,
And free from death the bright *Hesione*.

Laom. Thou hast (*Aeneas*) quickned me from death,
And added to my date a second Age.
Admit them.

Enter

The Brazen Age.

*Enter Hercules, Iason, Castor, Pollux, Theseus, and all
the Argonauts.*

Herc. 'Tis told vs that thy name's *Laomedon*,
And that thy beauteous daughter must this day,
Feed a sea-monster: how wilt thou reward
The man that shall incounter *Neptunes* whale?
Tugge with that fiend vpon thy populous strond,
And with my club sowse on his armed scales?
Hast thou not heard of *Theban Hercules*?
I that haue aw'd the earth, and ransack't hell,
Will through the Ocean hunt the God of streames,
And chace him from the deepe Abismes below.
Il'e dare the Sea-god from his watery deepes
If he take part with this *Leuiathan*.

Laom. Thy name and courage warlike *Hercules*
Assures her life, if thou wilt vndertake
This hauty quest: two milke white steeds, the best
Asia ere bred, shall be thy valours prize,

Herc. We accept them; keepe thy faith *Laomedon*,
If thou but break'st with *Ioue-borne Hercules*,
These marble structures, built with virgins bloud,
Il'e raze euen with the earth. When comes the monster?

Hesione. Now, now, helpe *Ioue.* *Acry within.*

Herc. I see him sweepe the sea's along.
Blow riuers through his nostrils as he glides,
As if he meant to quench the Sunnes bright fire,
And bring a palped darknesse ore the earth:
He opes his iawes as if to swallow *Troy*,
And at one yawne whole thousands to destroy.

Lao. Fly, flye into the Citty. *Exeunt the Troians.*

Herc. Take along
This beauteous Lady, if he must haue pray,
In stead of her *Alcides* here will stay.

Iason. The heartlesse Troians fly into the towne
At sight of yon sea-diuell: here wee'l stand
To wait the conquest of thy *Iouiall* hand.

The Brazen Age.

Herc. Gramercy *Iason*, see he comes in tempest,
Il'e meet him in a storme as violent,
And with one stroke which this right hand shall aime,
Ding him into th'abisse from whence he came.

*Hercules kills the Sea-Monster, the Troians on the walles,
sends the Greekes below.*

Priam. The monster's slaine, my beauteous sister freed.
Iason. Be euer for this noble deed renown'd,
Let *Asia* speake thy praise.

Telam. The *Argonauts*.
Are glorifi'd by this victorious act.

Priam. All *Troy* shall consecrate to *Hercules*?
Temples and Altars: lets descend and meet him.

Laom. Stay, none presume to stirre, wee'l parly them
First from the walles.

Herc. Why doth not *Troy's* King from those wals descend?
And since I haue redeem'd *Hesione*,
Present my trauels with two milke-white steeds,
The prize of my indeliours?

Laom. *Hercules* we owe thee none, none will we render thee,
Thou hast won thee honour, a reward sufficient
For thy attempt: our gates are shut against thee,
Nor shall you enter, you are *Greekish* spies,
And come to pry but where our land is weake.

Priam. Oh royall father!

Laom. Peace boy: *Greekes* away:
For imminent death attends on your delay.

Herc. The Sea nere bred a monster halfe so vile
As this Land-fiend. Darst threaten *Hercules*?
Would vniuersall *Troy* were in one frame,
That I might whelme it on thy cursed head,
And crowne thee in thy ruine. Menace vs?

Laom. Depart our walles, or we will fire your *Argoe*,
Lying in our harbour, and preuent your purpose
In the atchieuement of the golden fleece.

Herc.

The Brazen Age.

Herc. *Laomedon*, Il'e tossle thee from thy walles,
Batter thy gates to shiuers with my Club,
Nor will I leaue these broad Scamander plaines,
Til thy aspiring Towers of *Illum*—
Lye leuell with the place on which we stand.

Iason. Great *Hercules*, th'aduenture fals to me,
Our voyage bent for *Colchos*, not for *Troy*,
The golden fleece, and not *Laomedon*:
Why should we hazard here our *Argonauts*?
Or spend our selues on accidentall wrongs?

Telam. *Iason* aduifeth well, great *Hercules*,
We should dishonour him, and th'expectation
Greece hath of vs, delude by this delay.

Thes. Then let vs from this harbour launch our *Argoe*,
To *Colchos* first, and in our voyage home
Reuenge vs on this false *Laomedon*.

Herc. You sway me princes: farewell trecherous King,
Nought, saue thy blood, shall satisfie this wrong
And base dishonour done to *Hercules*.
Expect me; for by *Olimpicke Ioue* I swear,
Nere to set foot within my native *Thebes*,
See *Deianeira*, or to touch in *Greece*,
Till I have seal'd these mures, inuaded *Troy*,
Ransack't thy Citty, slaine *Laomedon*,
And venge the Gods that gouerne Sea and Sunne.
Come valiant *Heroes*, first the fleece to enioy,
And in our backe returne to ransacke *Troy*. *Exeunt.*

Lao. We dread you not, wee'l answer what is done.
As well as stand 'gainst *Neptune* and the *Sunne*.

Enter Octes, King of Colchos, Medea, yong Absyrtus,
with Lords.

Octes. How may we glory aboute other kings
Being (by our birth) descended from the Gods?
Our wealth renowned through the world tripartite,
Most in the riches of the golden fleece,

The Brazen Age.

And not the least of all our happinesse,
Medea for her powerfull magicke skill,
And Negromanticke exorcismes admir'd,
And dreaded through the *Colchian* territories.

Medea. I can by Art make riuers retrograde,
Alter their channels, run backe to their heads,
And hide them in the springs from whence they grew.
The curled Ocean with a word Il'e smooth,
(Or being calme) raise waues as high as hils,
Threatning to swallow the vast continent.
With powerfull charmes Il'e make the Sunne stand still,
Or call the Moone downe from her arched spheare.
What cannot I by power of *Hecate*?

Abysr. Discourse (faire sister) how the golden fleece
Came first to *Colchos*.

Medea. Let *Abysrtus* know,
Phrixus the sonne of *Theban Athamas*,
And his faire sister *Helles*, being betraid
By their curst step-dame *Ino*, fled from *Greece*,
Their Innocence pittied by *Mercury*,
He gaue to them a golden-fleeced Ramme,
Which bore them safe to the Sygean sea;
Which swimming, beauteous *Helles* there was drown'd,
And gaue that sea the name of *Hellepont*,
That which parts *Sestus* and *Abidos* still:
Phrixus arriues at *Colchos*, and to *Mars*
There sacrific'd his Ramme in memory
Of his safe wastage, fauoured by the Gods.
The golden Fleece was by the Oracle
Commanded to be fixt there, kept and guarded
By two fierce Bulls, that breath infernall fires,
And by a wakefull Dragon, in whose eyes
Neuer came sleepe: for in the safe conseruing
Of this diuine and worthy monument,
Our kingdomes weale and safety most consists.

Oetes. And he that strives by purchase of this fleece,
To weaken vs, or shake our Royalty,

The Brazen Age.

Must tast the fury of these fiery fiends,
The nouell: speake.

A shoote

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Vpon the *Cholchian* shores
A stately vessell, man'd it seemes from *Greece*
Is newly lancht, full fraught with Gentlemen
Of braue aspects and presence.

Oetes. Whose their Generall?

Lord. *Iason*, he stiles himselfe a Prince of *Greece*
And Captaine o're the noble *Argonautes*.

Oetes. Vsher them in, that we may know their quest
And what aduenture drew them to these shoares.

Sound, Enter Iason, Hercules, Theseus, Castor, Pollux, &c.

Iason. Haile king of *Colchos*, thou beholdst in vs
The noblest Heroes that inhabite *Greece*
Of whom I, though vnworthiest, stile my selfe
The Generall; the intent of this our voyage
Is to reduce the rich and golden prise
To *Greece*, from whence it came, know I am come
To tug and wrastle with the infernall Bulls,
And in their hot fiers double guild my armes
To place vpon their necks the seruile yoke,
And bondage, force them plow the field of *Mars*,
Till in the furrowes I haue sowed the teeth
Of vipers, from which men in armour grow
To enter combat with the sleepelesse Dragon,
And mauger him fetch thence the golden Fleece.
All this *Oetes*, I am prest to atchieue
Against these horrid tasks my life to ingage
Bulls fury, Vipers poyson, Dragons rage.

Medea. Such a bold spirit, and noble presence linkt,
Neuer before were scene in *Phasis* Isle,
Colchos be proud, a Prince demands thy Fleece,
Richer then he that comes for; let the *Greekes*
Our *Phasian* wealth and *Oetes* treasure beare,
So they in liew will leaue me *Iason* here.

The Brazen Age.

Oetes. Princes, you aime at dangers more in proffe
Then in report, which if you should behold
In their true figure, would amaze your spirits:
Yea, terifye the Gods; let me aduise you,
As one that knowes their terrour, to desist
Ere you enwrap your selfe into these perils,
Whence there is no euasion.

Herc. *Oetes*, know
Peril's a babe, the greater dangers threaten
The greater is his honour that breaks through.
Haue we in th' *Age* rowed with sixty oares
And at each Oare a Prince; pierc't *Samo-thrace*,
The *Chersoneson* sea, the *Hellespont*;
Euen to the waues that breake on *Colchos* shoares?
And Shall we with dishonour turne to *Greece*?
Know *Oetes*, not the least of sixty *Heroes*
That now are in thy Confiner, but thy monsters
Dare quell and baffle.

Tellamon. Much more *Hercules*.

Oetes. *Hercules*.

Iason. Starts *Oetes* at the name of *Hercules*,
What would he do to see him in his eminence;
But leauing that, this must be *Iasons* quest,
A worke not worthy him; where be these monsters?

Medea. May all inchantments be confinde to hell,
Rather then he encounter fiends so fell.

Oetes. Princes, since you will needs attempt these dangers
You shall; and if atchieue the Golden Fleece
Transport it where you please, meane time, this day
Repose your selues, wel'e feast you in our Pallace.
To morrow morning with the rising Sunne,
Our golden prize shall be conseru'd or wonne.

Exit.

Medea. If he attempts he dies, what's that to mee?
Why should *Medea* feare a strangers life?
Or what's that *Iason* I should dread his fall?
If he o're-come, my fathers glory waines,
And all our fortunes must reward his paines.

Let

The Brazen Age.

Let *Iason* perish then, and *Colchos* flourish.
Our pristine glories let vs still enioy,
And these our brasse-head buls the Prince destroy.
Oh! what distraction's this within me bred,
Although he die, I would not see him dead?
The best I see, the worst I follow still,
Hee nere wrong'd mee, why should I wish him ill?
Shall the Buls tosse him whom *Medea* loues,
A Tygresse, not a Princeesse, should I proue?
To see him tortured whom I deerely loue?
Bee then a torteress to thy fathers life,
A robber of the clime where thou wast bred,
And for some straggler that hath lost his way,
Thy fathers Kingdome and his State betray.
Tush, these are nothing, first his faith I'le craue,
That couenant made, him by enchantments saue

Enter Iason.

Iason. My task is aboue strength, Duke *Peleus* sent me
Not to atchieue, but die in this pursuite,
And to preuent the Oracle that told him
I must succeed; *Iason* bethinke thee then
Thou com'st to execution, not to act
Things aboue man; I haue obseru'd *Medea*
Retort vpon me many an amorous looke,
Of which I'le study to make prosperous vse.
If by her art the Inchantments I can bind
Immur'd with death, I certaine safety find.

Medea. Shall I o're-whelme vpon my captiue head,
The curse of all our Nation, the Crownes ruin?
Clamours of men, and woemens loud exclaimes.
Burnings of children; the vniuersall curse
Of a great people, all to saue one man,
A straggler (God knowes whence deriu'd, where borne,
Or hether where Noble? let the proud *Greeke* die,
Wee still in *Colchos* sit instated hye
Oh me! that looke vpon *Medea* cast
Drownes all these feares, and hath the rest surpast.

Iason.

The Brazen Age.

Iason. Madam, because I loue I pittie you,
That you a beauteous Lady, art-full wise,
Should haue your beauty and your wisdome both
Inuclopt in a cloud of Barbarisme:
That on these barren Confines you should liue,
Confin'd into an Angle of the world.
And ne're see that which is the world indeed,
Fertile and populous *Greece*, *Greece* that beares men,
Such as resemble Gods, of which in vs
You see the most deiected, and the meanest.
How harshly doth your wisdome sound in th'eares
Of these Barbarians, dull, vnapprehensible,
And such, in not conceiuing your hid Arts,
Deprive them of their honour; In *Greece* springs
The fountaines of Diuine Phylosophy,
They are all vnderstanders; I would haue you
Bright Lady with vs, enter to that world
Of which this *Colchos* is no part at all.
Shew then your beauty to these iudging eies,
Your wisdome to these vnderstanding eares.
In which they shall receiue their merited grace,
And leaue this barraine, cold, and stirrill plaec.

Medea. His presence without all this Oratory
Did much with vs, but where they both conioyne
To entrap *Medea*, shee must needs bee caught.

Iason. I long to see this *Colchian* Lady clad
In *Hymens* stateliest robes, whom the glad Matrones,
Bright Ladies, and Imperiall Queenes of *Greece*
Shall welcome and applaud, and with rich gifts
Present, for sauing of their sonnes and kinsmen
From these infernall monsters: As for *Iason*,
If you *Medea* shall despise his loue,
He craues no other life then to die so,
Since life without you is but torturing paine,
And death to men distressed is double gaine.

Medea. That tongue more then *Medeas* spels inchant,
And not a word, but like our exorcismes

And

The Brazen Age.

And power of charmes preuailes, Oh loue! thy Maieſty
Is greater then the triple *Hecates*,
Bewitching *Circes*, or theſe hidden ſkils,
Aſcrib'd vnto th' infernall *Proſerpine*.

I that by incantations can remoue
Hils from their ſyts, and make huge mountaines ſhake,
Darken the Sunne at noone, call from their graues
Ghoſts long ſince dead, that can command the earth,
And affright heauen, no ſpell at all can find
To bondage loue, or free a captiue minde.

Iaſon. Loue *Iaſon* then, and by thy Diuine aide,
Give me ſuch power, that I may tug vnſcorcht
Amidſt the flames with theſe thy fiery fiends,
That I vnuenom'd may theſe Vipers teeth
Caſt from my hand, through *Morpheus* leaden charmes,
Ouer that wakefull ſnake that guards the Fleece,
For which liue *Iaſons* happy Bride in *Greece*.

Medea. A match, what hearbs or ſpels, what Magicke can
Command in heauen, earth, or in hell below,
What either aire, or ſea can miniſter,
To guard thy perſon, all theſe helps I'll gather
To girdle thee with ſafety.

Iaſon. Be thou then
Foreuer *Iaſons*, and through *Greece* renown'd
In whom our *Heroes* haue ſuch ſafety found,
Our bargaine thus I ſeale. *He kiſſeth her.*

Medea. Which I'll make good
With *Colchos* ſall, and with my fathers bloud. *Enter Abſyrus*

Abſyr. Prince *Iaſon*, all the *Heroes* at the banquet
Inquire for you, twice hath my father *Oetes*
Made ſearch for you; Oh ſiſter!

Medea. No word you ſaw vs two in conference.

Abſyr. Do you take me to be a woman, to tell all I ſee,
And blab all I know, I that am in hope one day to
Lie with a woman, will once lie for a woman,
Siſter, I ſaw you not.

Iaſon. Remember; come Prince, will you leade the way?

The Brazen Age.

Abſyr. I haue parted you that neuer parted fray
Come fir will you follow. *Exit. Manet Medea.*

Medea. The night growes on, and now to my black Arts,
Goddesse of witchcraft and darke ceremony,
To whom the elues of Hills, of Brookes, of Groues,
Of standing lakes, and cauernes vaulted deepe
Are ministers; three-headed *Hecate*
Lend me thy Chariot drawne with winged snakes,
For I this night must progresse through the Aire.
What simples grow in Tempe of *Thessaly*,
Mount *Pindus*, *Oetheris*, *Ossa*, *Appidane*,
Olimpus, *Caucas*, or high *Teneriff*.
I must select to finish this great worke,
Thence must I flye vnto *Amphrisus* Foords,
And gather plants by the swift *Sperchius* streames,
Wherewith *Bebes*, and *Anthedan* flow,
Where hearbes of bitter iuice and strong sent grow;
These must I with the haire of *Mandrakes* vse,
Temper with *Poppy-seeds* and *Hemlocke* iuice:
With *Aconitum* that in *Tartar* springs,
With *Cypresse*, *Ewe*, and *Verruin*, and these mix
With Incantations, Spels, and Exorcisines
Of wonderous power and vertue; oh thou night,
Mother of darke Arts hide mee in thy vaile,
Whilst I those banks search, and these mountaines skale.

Sownd: Enter King Oetes, Absyrus, and Lords.

Oetes. Vpon the safeguard of this golden Fleece
Colchos depends, and he that beares it hence
Beares with it all our fortunes; the *Argonautes*
Haue it in quest, if *Iason* scape our monsters
I'll rather at some banquet poyson him,
And quaffe to him his death, or in the night
Set fire vpon his *Argoe*, and in flames
Consume the happy hope of his returne,
This purpose we, as we are *Colchos* King,

Absyrus

The Brazen Age.

Absyrtus where's your sister?

Absyrtus. In her chamber.

Oetes. When you next see her giue to her this noate,
The manner of our practise, her fell hand
Cannot be mist in this, but it shall fall
Heauy on these that *Colchos* seekes to thrall.
The howre drawes nigh, the people throng on heapes,
To this aduenture in the field of *Mars*,
And noble *Iason* arm'd with his good shield,
Is vp already and demands the field.

Enter Iason, Hercules, and the Argonauts.

Iason. *Oetes*, I come thus arm'd, demanding combat
Of all those monsters that defend thy Fleece:
And to these dangers singly, I oppose
My person as thou seest, when settst thou ope
The gates of hell to let thy deuils out?
Glad would I wrastle with thy fiery Bulls,
And from their throats the flaming dewlops teare.
Vnchaine them, and to *Iason* turne them loose,
That as *Alcides* did to *Achelous*,
So from their hard fronts I may teare there hornes,
And lay the yoeake vpon their vntam'd necks.

Oetes. Yet valiant *Greece* desist, I, though a stranger
Pitty thy youth, or if thou wilt persist
So dreadfull is the aduenture thou persuest,
That thou wilt thinke I shall vnbowell hell,
Vnmacle the fiends, and make a passage
Free for the Infernals.

Iason. I shall welcome all.

Medea now if there be power in loue,
Or force in Magicke; if thou hast or will
Or Art, try all the power of Characters,
Vertue of Symples, Stones, or hidden spels,
If earth Elues, or nimble airy Spirits,
Charmes, Incantations, or darke Exorcismes.

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If any strength remaine in Pyromancy,
Or the hid secrets of the aire or fire.
If the Moones spheare can any helpe infuse,
Or any influent Starre, collect them all
That I by thy aide may these monsters thrall.

Oetes. Discouer them.

*Two fiery Bulls are discovered; the Fleece hanging ouer them,
and the Dragon sleeping beneath them: Medea with strange
fiery-workes, hangs aboue in the Aire in the strange habite of
a Coniuresse.*

Medea. The hidden power of Earth, Aire, Water, Fire,
Shall from this place to *Iasons* helpe conspire..
Fire withstand fire, and magicke temper flame,
By my strong Spels the sauadge monster's tame:
So, that's perform'd, now take the Vipers teeth
And sow them in the furrowed field of *Mars*,
Of which strange seed, men ready arm'd must grow
To assault *Iason*. Already from beneath
Their deadly pointed weapons gin to appeare,
And now their heads, thus moulded in the earth,
Streight way shall teene; and hauing freed their fate.
(The stalkes by which they grow) all violently
Pursue the valiant *Greeke*, but by my sorcery
I'll turne their armed points against themselues
And all these slaues that would on *Iason* flie *shoutes*
Shall wound themselues and by sedition die.
Yet thrives the *Greeke*, now kill the sleeping snake
Which I haue charm'd, and thence the Trophy take,
These shouts witnesse his conquest, Ile descend,
Heare *Iasons* feares and all my charmes take end.

Hercules. Oetes. now is this rich and pretious Fleece,
By *Iasons* sword repurchaft, and must turne
Vnto the place whence *Phrixus* brought his Ramme.

Oetes. That practise by your ruins; Ile preuent,
And sooner then with that returne to *Greece*,

Your

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Your slaughtered bodies leaue with this rich fleece.

Iason. Since our aduenture is atchieu'd and done,
The prize is ours, we ceize what we haue wone.

Oetes. Enioy it *Iason*, I admire thy worth,
Which as it hath exceeded admiration,
So must we needs applaud it. Noble gentlemen.
Depart not *Colchos*, ere your worths and valour
We with some rich and worthy gifts present.
The conquest of our Buls, and Dragons death,
(Though we esteem'd them) yet they sad vs not,
Since we behold the safety of this prince.
Enter our palace, and your praise sownd hye,
Where you shall feast, (or all by treason dyc.) *Exeunt*

Abfyr. I haue not secene my sister to day, I muse she hath
not beene at this solemnity, me thinkes she should not haue
lost this triumph; I haue a note to deliuer her from my fa-
ther. Here she comes. *Enter Medea.*

Sister, peruse this brieife, you know the character,
It is my fathers. This is all. *Exit.* *She reads.*

Medea. *Iason* with his *Argonauts* this night must perish, the
fleece not be trāsported to *Greece*—*Medea*, your assistance.
This is my fathers plot to ouerthrow
Prince *Iason*, and the noble *Argonauts*,
Which Il'e preuent: I know the King is sudden,
And ifpreuention be delay'd, they dyc:
I that haue ventured thus farre for a loue,
Euen to these arts that Nature would haue hid
As dangerous and forbidden, shall I now
Vndoe what I haue done, through womanish feare,
Paternal duty, or for filiall loue?
No *Iason*, thou art mine, and my desire,
Shall wade with thee through bloud, through seas, through
Enter Iason. (fire.)

Iason. Madam.

Medea. My Lord, I know what you would say,
Thinke now vpon your life, the King my father
Intends your ruine, to redeeme the fleece,

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And it repurchase with your tragicke deaths;
Therefore assemble all your *Argonauts*,
And let them (in the silence of the night)
Lanch from the *Colchian* harbour; Il'e associate you
As *Iasons* bride.

Iason. You are my patronesse,
And vnder you I triumph: when the least
Of all these graces I forget, the Gods
Reuenge on me my hated periury.
Must we then lanch this night? you are my directresse,
And by your art Il'e manage all my actions.

Medea. Then flye, Il'e send to see your *Argoe* trim'd,
Rig'd and made tight: night comes, the time growes on:
Hye then aboard. *Iason*. I shall. *Exit*.

Medea. Now populous *Greece*,
Thanke vs (not *Iason*) for this conquer'd fleece. *Enter Oetes*.

Oetes. *Medea*, we are rob'd, despoil'd, dishonored,
Our Fleece rap't hence, we must not suffer it,
Since all our ominous fortunes it includes,
I am resolu'd *Iason* this night shall dye.

Medea. Should he suruiue, you might be held vnworthy
The name of King; my hand shall be as deepe
As yours in his destruction.

Oetes. A strong guard
I will select, and in the dead of night,
When they are sunke in *Lethe*, set vpon them,
And kill them in their beds.

Medea. Il'e second you,
And laue my stain'd hands in their reeking blouds
That practise your dishonour.

Oetes. *Iason* then dyes,
When he most hopes for this rich *Colchian* prize. *Exit*.

Medea. But ere the least of all these ils betide,
This *Colchian* strond shall with thy bloud be dy'd.
For *Iason* and his *Argonauts* I stand,
And will protect them with my art and hand.

Enter Iason with the Fleece, and all the Greekes muffled.

Iason

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Iason. Madam *Medea*.

Medea. Leaue circumstance, away,
Hoyse vp your sailes, death and destruction
Attends you on the shoare.

Iason. You'l follow Madam.

Exit.

(*tide,*

Medea. Instantly: Blow gentle gales, assist them winds and
That I may Greece see, & liue *Iasons* bride. *Enter Absyrtus.*

Absyr. How now sister, so solitary?

Medea. Oh happy met, though it be late *Absyrtus*,
You must along with me. *Absyr.* Whither pray?

Medea. I'll tell you as we walke,
This lad betweene me and all harme shall stand;
And if the King pursue vs with his Fleet,
His mangled limbes shall (scattered in the way)
Worke our escape, and the Kings speed delay.
Come brother. *Absyr.* Any where with you sister. *exunt.*

Enter HOMER.

Hom. Let none to whom true Art is not deny'd,
Our monstrous Bulls, and magicke Snakes deride.
Some thinks this rich Fleece was a golden Booke,
The leaues of parchment, or the skins of Rammes,
Which did include the Art of making gold
By Chymicke skill, and therefore rightly stild,
The Golden Fleece, which to attaine and compasse,
Includes as many trauels, mysteries,
Changes and Chymicke bodies, fires and monsters,
As euer *Iason* could in *Colchos* meet.
The sages, and the wise, to keepe their Art
From being vulgar: yet to haue them tasted
With appetite and longing, giue these glosses,
And flourishes to shadow what they write,
Which might (at once) breed wonder and delight.
So did the Egyptians in the Arts best try'd,
In Hieroglyphickes all their Science hide.
But to proceed, the Argonauts are fled,
Whom the inrag'd *Oetes* doth pursue,
And being in sight, *Medea* takes the head

of

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Of young Absyrtus, whom (unkinde) she slue,
And all his other limbes strames in the way
Of the old father, his pursute to stay.

The Shew.

In memory of this inhumane deed,
These Islands where his slaughtered limbes lye spred,
Were cal'd Absyrtides: But we proceed
With King Laomedon, 'gainst whom are led
The Argonauts, Troy by Alcides rac'd,
Askes the next place, and must in ranke be plac'd.

Enter Laomedon, Priam, Anchises, Aeneas, Hesioue, &c.

Lao. The Argonauts return'd? Anchi. They are my Lords!

Lao. And landed? Anchi. Landed.

Lao. Where? Anchi. At Tenedos.

Lao. Could not those Colchian monsters in their bowels
Bury the Greekes, but must they all suruiue
To threat vs with inuasion. Speake Anchises,
March they towards Troy?

Anchis. In conduct of the mighty Hercules,
Wasting with sword and fire where ere they march:
Scamander fields they haue strew'd with carkasses,
And Simois streames already purpled are
With blood of Troians.

Priam. Let vs giue them battell.

Lao. In vaine, our forces are disperst abroad,
Nor haue we order to withstand their fury:
Best were we to immure our selues in Troy,
And trust vnto the vertue of our walles. Shouts.

Aeneas. Do not delay your safety, you may heare
Their cries, and lofty clamors, threatening Troy:
They dogge vs to our gates, and without speed
And expedition, they will enter with vs.
Come then, our threatned liues we will immure,
And thinke vs in our strong built walles secure. Exent.

After an alarme, enter Hercules, Iason, Theseus, Telamon,
and all the other Argonauts.

Herc.

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Herc. Pursue the chace euen to the gates of *Troy*,
Then call th'ingrate *Laomedon* to parlee.

Iason. The periur'd King shall pay vs for the wrong
Done to *Alcides* in his promis'd steeds.

Telam. Better he had the monster had deuour'd
His beauteous daughter, then t'abide our furies.

Nestor. He did exclude our vertue from the Citty,
And now therefore he shall admit our fury.

Castor. These wals first rear'd at the great Gods expence,
Wee'l ruine to the earth: let's summon him.

Herc. We will call him to parlee.

A parlee.

*Enter upon the wals, Laomedon, Anchises, Aeneas,
Priam, &c..*

Herc. *Laomedon*, we do not summon thee
To parlee, but to warne thee guard thy walles,
Which (without pause) we now intend to scale.

Laom. Wilt heare me *Hercules*?

Herc. I listen'd thy periurious tongue too late.
Scale, batter, mount, assault, sacke, and deface,
And leaue (of *Troy*) nought saue the name and place.

Alarme. *Telamon* first mounts the walles, the rest after, *Priam*
flies, *Laomedon* is slaine by *Hercules*, *Hesione* taken,

Enter with victory.

Herc. Thus is the tyrant, that but late aw'd *Troy*,
Buried amidst his ruines; he chastis'd,
And we reueng'd: the spoyle of this rich Towne
Rated as high as *Iasons* Colchian prize,
You shall diuide: but first these lofty walles,
Builded by periury, and maintain'd by pride,
Wee'l ruine to the earth: Who saw yong *Priam*?

Iason. Hee's fled, and tooke the way to *Samo-thrace*,
With him *Anchises*, that on *Venus* got
The yong *Aeneas*, they are fled together,
And left the spoyle of all the towne to vs.

Herc. Which shall enrich *Thebes*, and the townes of *Greece*,

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And *Telamon*, to do thy valour right,
For mounting first ouer the walles of *Troy*,
The first and choyce of all the spoyle be thine.

Telam. Then let *Alcides* honour *Telamon*.
With this bright Lady, faire *Hesione*,
Sister to *Priam*, daughter to *Laomedon*,
Whose beauty I preferre before the state
And wealth of *Troy*.

Herc. Receiue her *Telamon*,
Shee is thine owne by gift of *Hercules*.

Telam. A present more delighting *Telamon*,
Then were I made Lord of high *Illioms* Towers,
And heire vnto the dead *Laomedon*.

Hesio. I am a Princessse, shall my fathers ils
Fall on my head? If he offended *Hercules*,
He hath made satisfaction with his life.
Oh be not so seuerer, to stretch his punishment
Euen after life; hast thou from death redeem'd me,
To giue me captiue, and to slaue my youth?
Things worse then death: rather let *Hercules*
Expoile me to the rocke, where first he found me,
To abide the wrath both of the Sea and Sunne.
Oh! rather make my body food for monsters,
Then brand my birth with bondage.

Telam. Faire *Hesione*,
I will not loose thy beauty, nor thy youth,
Nor part with this my honour, couldst thou giue me
For ransome of them, both our *Argoes* cram'd
With gold and gemmes; you are my valours prize,
And shall with me to populous *Salamine*.

Hesione. Can you so wrong the daughter of a king,
To giue her as a Dukes base Concubine?
Touch me not *Telamon*, for I deuine,
If ere my brother *Priam* re-build *Troy*,
And be the king of *Asia*, hee'l reuenge
This base dishonour done *Hesione*;
And for his sister, rauish't hence perforce,

The Brazen Age.

Do the like out-rage on some *Grecian* Queene,
In iust reuenge of my iniurious wrong.

Herc. Should all the kings in *Asia*, or the world,
Take part with *Priam* in that proud designe,
Like fate, like fortune with *Laomedon*
They shall abide : renowned *Telamon*;
She is the warlike purchase of thy sword,
Enioy her as the gift of *Hercules*.
And now braue *Grecian Hero's*, lets towards *Greece*
With al these honored spoils from *Colchos* brought
And from the treasures of defaced *Troy*.
Faire *Deianeira* longs for vs in *Thebes*,
Whom we will visit next, and thence proceed
Vnto our future labours. *Cacus* liues
A bloody tyrant, whom we must remoue :
And the three-headed *Gerion* sways in *Spaine*,
Notorious for his rapes and out-rages ;
Both these must perissh by *Alcides* hand,
And when we can the earth from tyrants cleare,
In the worlds vtmost bounds our pillers reare. *exit*

HOMER.

Loath are we (curteous auditors) to cloy
Your appetites with viands of one tast,
The beauteous *Venus* we must next imploy,
Whom we saw mourning for *Adonis* last.
Suppose her still for the yong *Adon* sad,
But cheer'd by *Mars*, their old loues they renue,
And she, that (whilst he lin'd) preferd the Lad,
Hath quite forgot him, since the Boare him slue.
Mars is in grace, a meeting they deuise,
Iealous of all, but fearing most the Sunne,
Hee that sees all things from his first vp-rise,
And like a blab, tels all that hee knowes done.

Our mortals must a while their spleenes asswage,
And to the Gods, for this Act, leaue the Stage.

The Brazen Age.

Enter Mars and Venus.

Mars. I knew loues Queene could not be long vnkind,
Though (whilst I absent, to teach Armes in *Thrace*)
You tooke th'aduantage to forget your *Mars*,
To doate on *Adon*, and *Anchises* too;
Yet (those worne out) let vs renue our loues,
And practise our first amorous dalliance.

Venus. How can I hate, that am the Queene of loue?
Or practise ought against my natie power?
As I one day, playd with my *Cypids* shafts,
The wanton with his arrow raz'd my skin.
Trust me, at first I did neglect the smart:
At length it rankled, and it grew vnfound;
Till he that now lies wounded, cur'd my wound.

Mars. Come shall we now, whilst *Vulcan* plyes his forge,
Sweats at his Anuill, choakes himselfe with dust,
And labours at his bellowes, kisse and toy?

Venus. Why met we else? Here is a place remote,
An obscure caue, fit for our amorous sport:
In this darke cauerne wee'l securely rest,
And *Mars* shall adde vnto my *Vulcans* crest.
But how if we be spy'd?

Mars. Whom need we feare? but *Vulcan*;
Vnlesse the Sunne, who now the lower world
Lights with his beames; I meane the *Antipodes*,
The tell-tale blab is busie now else-where:
And I will set to watch at the cates doore,
My trusty groome, who (ere the Sunne shall rise
With his bright beames to light our Hemisphære)
Shall waken vs.

Venus. For all the world I would not haue the Sunne
Discover our sweet sport, or see whats done.

Mars. Be that my charge. Wher's *Gallus*? *Enter Gallus.*

Gal. At hand fir: I am not that *Gallows* that is made of three
trees, or one that is neuer without hangers on: nor that *Gal-*
lus that is latine for a *French-man*; but your owne *Gallus gal-*
linacius, seruant and true squire to God *Mars*.

Mars.

The Brazen Age.

Mars. Syrrah, you know this Lady.

Gallus. Yes, Mistresse *Vulcan*, shee is as well knowne in *Paphos* here for her Meretrix, as any Lady in the land, shee was the first that deuise'd stew'd meate, and proclaim'd pickle-oysters to bee good for the backe; shee is the first that taught wenches the trade of Venery, and such as were borne to nothing but beauty, she taught them how to vse their Talent: Yes, I know her I warrant you.

Mars. Syrrah attend, this night yon Queene and I Must haue some priuate conference, in yon caue, Where whilst we stay, 't must be thy care to watch; That no suspicious eye pry through these chinks, Especially I warne thee of the *Sunnes*.

Gallus. I smell knauery, if my Lady *Venus* play the whoore What am I that keepe the dore?

Mars. See thou do call vs, e're the *Sunne* vprise, But sleepe not, for by all my Armes I sweare, If by thy carelesse sloth, or negligence We be describe, thy body I'll translate, To some strange Monster.

Gallus. I'me hard fauor'd enough already, you need not Make my face worse then it is.

Mars. Com enter then faire Queene, we are secure, Now safely maist thou claspe the God of warre, Spight of *Sunne*, *Moone*, or a ialous starre.

Venus. Loue answers loue, desire with ardor meetes, Both which this night shall tast a thousand sweetes. *Exeunt.*

Gallus. I see you can make shift to go too't without sheetes: How shall I passe this night away till morning, I am as drowsy as a dormouse, the very thought that I must wake, charmes mee a sleepe already, I would I durst venture on a nap; Hey ho, sure I may wake againe afore they rise, and neuer the wiser, I will stand to't, there is not a more sleepy trade in the world then a watchman, nor one that is more acquainted with deeds of darkenesse, tell mee of the *Sunne*! the *Sunne* will not rise this two houres; well, let them watch that will, or can, I must haue a nod or two, God night to you

The Brazen Age.

all, for here am I fast till morning.

Enter Aurora, attended with Seasons, Daies, and Flowers.

Aurora. The day-starre shines and cal's me blushing vp,
From *Tithons* bed to harnesse *Phæbus* Steeds.

My roseate fingers haue already stroakt

The element where light beginnes to appeare,

And straight *Apollo* with his glistering beames,

Will guild the East, the Seasons, Months, and Daies

Attend him in the pallace of the Sunne.

The Howers haue brought his Chariot to the gate

Of Christall, where the Sunne-God mounts his throne,

His fiery Steeds haue all their traces fet,

Th'vnruely stalions fed with Ambrosy

(With their round hooves shod with the purest gold)

Thunder against the Marble floores of Heauen,

And waite till *Phæbus* hath but don'd his beames,

Which I the blushing Morning still put on.

And now's the howre (for thus time fleeteth still)

That the Sunnes vp to clime the Easterne hill.

Enter Phæbus to them, kisses Aurora, and they all exeunt.

Phæbus. Beauteous *Aurora*, for full twice twelue howers

Till in my spheare I haue compast round the world

Farewell, I with my beames will dry these teares

Thou shedst at parting; we haue chac't hence night,

And frighted all the twinkling starres from heauen,

And now the steepe *Olimpus* we must clime,

Till from the high Meridian we peruse

The spacious bounds of this large vniuerse,

And thence decline our Chariot towards the West,

Till we haue washt our Coach-steeds and our selfe

In *Isters* icy streames: Wee with this eye

Can all things see that mortals do on earth,

And what wee find inhumane, or to offend,

Wee tell to *Ioue*, that he may punish sinnes.

For this I am term'd a tel-tale and a blab,

And that I nothing can conceale abroad.

But let spight spit the worst and wrong me still,

Day

The Brazen Age.

Day hateth finnes, and light despiseth ill. *Hee spies*
And now behold a most abhorred deed, *Mars & Venus.*
Mars beds with *Venus*, shall not *Vulcan* know it?
By my light hee shall; I haue seene, and I will tell,
The Sunne hates sinne but crownes them that do well. *Exit.*

Enter Mars.

Mars. *Venus* awake, wee haue ore-slept our selues,
The Sunne's aboue in his diurnall taske,
I saw his piercing beames pry through a cranny,
And cast his right eye full vpon our bed. *Enter Venus.*

Venus. We are betraide, the blab will tell the Smith,
Our loue will come to th'eare of *Iupiter*
And all the other Gods, what will *Diana*
Say when shee heares of our in chastity?
Or how will *Iuno* take this spouse-breach from vs?

Mars. Nay rather, how will *Vulcan* tast our sport?
He might suspect, but neuer proue till now,
Where is the villaine *Gallus* set to watch?

Venus. See where he snorts, the slaue is dead asleep.

Mars. Awake thou drowsy Groome, thy chastisement
Shall exceed torture.

Gallus. Hey ho, what's the matter there, ha?

Mars. Locke, hast thou eies? is not the Sun two howres
Mounted aloft? hath he not seene thee sleeping
At the Caues dore, Yea beheld vs too? *(window.*

Gallus. More shame for him to looke in at any bodies.

Mars. Speake, how canst thou excuse this?

Gallus. Oh great God *Mars.*

Mars. Behold, this is thy doome, thy negligence
Thus I'll chastice, thou shalt thy humane shape
Henceforth forgo, I will translate thy body
Into a bird shall euer beare thy name,
Bee *Gallus* still, a Cocke, and be thy nature
Euer hereafter this; to watch the Sunne,
And by thy crows and clamours warne the world
Two howres before he rise, that the Sunne comes
Clap with thy wings, and with thy shrieking loud,

Proclaime.

The Brazen Age.

Proclaime his comming when thou thrice hast crowed.

Gallus *sinkes*, and in his place riseth a *Cocke* and crowes.

Venus. The slaues right seru'd, let this his punishment
Liue to all ages, and let *Gallus* name
Thy iust reuenge to all the world proclaime.
But whither shall we now?

Mars. I will to *Thrace*, go you to *Lemnos*.

Venus. Will you leaue me then
To *Vulcans* rage, no let vs once more meete
In *Paphos*, and if *Vulcan* needs will chide
Giue him some cause.

Mars. Content faire Queene of loue.
For more, he cannot be much more displeas'd,
Let's score on still, and make our reckoning full,
As yet. alas faire Queene, the debts but small,
Make vp the summe, and answere once for all.

Venus. Content sweete *Mars*, and since that he was borne
To be a Cuckold, let's augmennt his horne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vulcan with two Ciclops, Pyragman, and Berontes.

Vulcan. Make hast with that shield, see't hammer'd well,
For when 'tis done I'll giue't my father *Ioue*,
'Tis of the purest mettall *Lemnos* yeelds.

Pyrag. I shall sir, must the plate of two cubes high,
Be put into the Forge?

Vulcan. *Pyragmon* yes, that masse must be wrought well
And soundly temper'd, bid your fellow *Cyclops*
Woike lustily, it must be soone dispatcht.

Pyrag. When saw you my Lady *Venus*?

Vulcan. No matter when, the Huswiffe's too fine finger'd,
And saith, the very smoake my Forge doth cast
Choakes her, the very aire of *Lemnos* (man)
Blasts her white cheekes, she scarce will let me kisse her,
But shee makes vergisse faces, saith my visadge
Smug'd thus with cole-dust, doth infect her beauty,
And makes her weare a beard, shee's, sure, in *Paphos*,
Cypresse, or *Candy*, shee's all for play
Whilst we *Ioues* thunders hammer hard all day.

Pyrag.

The Brazen Age.

Pyrag. I heard her once mocke that polt-foote of yours
How came it pray?

Vulcan. I'll tell thee man, I was when I was borne
A pretty smug knaue, and my father *Ioue*
Delighted much to dance me in his lap.
Vpon a time as hee was toying with mee
In his high house aboue, that *Phaeton*
Had at that instant set the world a fire,
My father when he saw heauens bases smoake,
Th'earth burne, and *Neptunes* broth to seeth with heate;
But startles vp to thunder-strike the lad,
And lets me fall: downe tumbled I towards the earth:
I fell through all the Planets by degrees,
From *Saturne* first, so by the *Moone* at last:
And from the *Moone* downe into *Lemnos* Isle
Where I still liue, and halt vpon my fall,
No maruell if 't lam'd mee, for, *Pyragmon*,
How high I tumbled, who can gesse aright,
Falling a Summers day from morne to night?

Pyrag. 'Twas maruell you did not breake your necke.

Vulcan. Had I not bene deriu'd from God-like seed,
Trust me *Pyragmon* I had don't indeed. *The Cocks crow*
But to the Forge, for I *Appollo* spie, *and enter Phæbus.*
Hee that sees all things with the daies bright eye.
Good morrow *Phæbus*, what's the newes abroad?
For thou seest all things in the world are done,
Men act by day-light, or the sight of Sunne.

Phæbus. Sometime I cast mine eie vpon the sea,
To see the tumbling *Seale*, or *Porpoise* play,
There see I Marchants trading, and their sayles
Big bellied with the wind; sea fights sometimes
Rise with their smoake, thicke clouds to darke my beames.
Sometimes, I fixe my face vpon the earth
With my warme seruour, to giue mettals, trees,
Hearbes, plants, and flowers life; here in gardens walke
Loose Ladies with their louers arme in arme,
Yonder the labouring Plow-man driues his Teeme.

The Brazen Age.

Further, I may behold maine battels pitchr,
And whom I fauour most (by the winds helpe)
I can assist with my transparant raies.
Heere, spye I Cattell feeding, Forrests there
Stor'd with wilde beasts; here Shepheards with their lasses
Piping beneath the trees, whilst their flockes graze.
In Citties, I see trading, walking, bargening,
Buying, and selling, goodnesse, badnesse, all things
And shine alike on all.

Vulcan. Thrice happy *Phæbus*,
That whilst poore *Vulcan* is confin'd to *Lemnos*
Hast euery day these pleasures. What newes else.

Phæbus: No Emperour walks forth, but I see his State,
Nor sports, but I his pastimes can behold,
I see all Coronations, Funerals,
Marts, Faires, Assemblies, Pageants, Sights, and Showes.
No hunting, but I better see the chase
Then they that rowse the game, what see not I?
There's not a window but my beames breakes in,
No chinke or cranny but my raies pierce through,
And there I see (oh *Vulcan*) wondrous things.
Things that thy selfe nor any God besides
Would giue beliefe to.

Vul. What, good *Phæbus* speake.

Phæ. Here, wantons on their day-beds, I see spread
Clasping their amorous louers in their armes,
Who euen before my face, are not sometimes
Asham'd to shew all. (stife.

Vulcan. Could not god *Phæbus* bring mee to see this pa-

Phæbus. Sometimes euen meane fellowes
A bed with noble Ladies whom they serue,
Seruant with seruant, married men with maides,
And wiues with Batchelours.

Vulcan. There's simple doing.

Phæbus. And shall I tell thee *Vulcan*, tother day
What I beheld, I saw the great God *Mars*.

Vulcan. God *Mars*.

Phæbus.

The Brazen Age.

Phæbus. As I was peeping through a cranny, a bed.

Vulcan. A bed; with whom? some pretty wench I warrant.

Phæbus. Shee was a pretty wench.

Vulcan. Tell me good *Phæbus*,

That when I meete him, I may floute God *Mars*,

Tell mee, but tell me truely on thy life.

Phæbus. Not to dissemble *Vulcan*, 'twas thy wife!

Vulcan. Out on her whore, out on him Cuckold-maker,

Phæbus I'll be reuendge on great God *Mars*,

Who, whilst I hammer here his swords and shields,

Hammers vpon my head, I will complaine

To *Ioue*, and all the Gods, and tell them flat

I am a Cuckold. *Phæ.* *Vulcan* be aduis'd,

I haue had notice where they vse to meete,

Couldst not deuise to catch them by some wile?

And lay their guilt, wide open to the Gods,

Then mightst thou haue fit colour of complaint.

Vulcan. Enough, I haue deuise'd a secret snare,

A draw-net, which I'll place vpon the Couch

Where they still vse to bed, a wire so temper'd,

And of such finenesse to deceiue the eie.

So catch them when they are at it, and by this

I may presume, and be sure I am Cuckold.

Phæbus. That's the way to be satisfied.

Vulcan. If I can catch them, all the Gods I'll call

To see my wrongs, there sports I'll neere to marre,

And venge me on that lecherous God of warre.

*Enter the Nymph, Cloris, with two more, with floures
in their laps.*

1. Nym. *Cloris*, you are the *Nymph* whose office is
To strow faire *Venus* bed with hearbes and flowers,
Here is the place shee meanes to sport her selfe.

Clo. I am the hand-maide to the Queene of loue,
And vnto all her pleasures minister,
When she drinks *Nectar*, 'tis from *Cloris* hand,
If feede on sweete *Ambrotia*, or those fruits
That *Cornus-copia* yeelds, I serue them vp,

The Brazen Age.

Come let vs with fresh Roses strow her Couch
With pances and the buds of Eglantine,
Her pillow is the purple Violet banke,
About whose verges the blancht Lillies grow,
Whose bodies twin'd about with wood-byne leaues
Make a confused sweetnesse, so 'tis well,
Come *Venus* when shee please to take her rest,
Her Arbour's dight, and all things well adrest.

Enter Vulcan and Pyragmon with his net of wire.

Vulcan. By her baud *Charis*, this I know the place,
Which with adulterate pastimes they pollute.
Here will I set my pit-fall for these birds,
And catch them in the closure of this wire,
So, so, al's fit, my snare in order plac't,
Happy the time, that I this *Charis* trac't.

*Enter Mars
and Venus.*

Mars. Once more in spight of *Phœbus* and these eies,
That dog our pastimes, we are closely met,
And whilst the Cuckold *Vulcan* blowes the fire,
Our amorous soules their sportiue blisse conspire.

Venus. Hee's limping thus, and like a cripple halts
From Forge to Fornace; where were *Venus* eies,
When she made choise of that soule polt-foote Smith,
He smells all smoake, and with his nasty sweate
Tawnies my skinne, out on him vgly knaue,
Mars is my loue, and he my sweets shall haue.

Vulcan. Gramercy my kind wife.

Venus. Come God of warre,
I'll teach thee a new skirmish, better farre
Then thy sterne battails, meete me with a kisse
Which I retort thus, there's spirit in this,
What's he would play the coward and turne face,
When such sweete amorous combats are in place?
My hot incounters, leaue me wound nor skarre
Yet naked I dare meete the God of Warre.

Vulcan. Out of her Whoore.

Mars. I am arm'd for thee, prepare thee, for this night

The Brazen Age.

Il'e breast to breast dare thee to single fight.

Venus. Come tumble in my lap, great *Mars* I dare
To do his worst. *Vulcan* catcheth them fast in his net.

Uul. 'Tis well, your sports are faire.

Mars. Betraid? bound? catcht? release me, or by *Ioue*,
Thou dy'st what ere thou art.

Uul. God *Mars*, good words;
This is a fight in which you vse no swords.
You haue left your Steele behinde.

Ven. Sweet *vulcan.* *Vulc.* No more.

Venus. Canst thou vse *Venus* thus? *Vul.* Away you whore,
Il'e keepe you fast, and call the Gods to see
Your practise, *Neptune*, *Ioue*, and *Mercury*,
Phæbus and *Iuno*, from your spheares looke downe,
And see the cause I weare a forked crowne.

All the Gods appeare aboue, and laugh,
Iupiter, Iuno, Phæbus, Mercury, Neptune.

Mars. The Gods are all spectators of our shame,
And laugh at vs.

Venus. Oh! I could cry for anger.
Sweet *Vulcan* let me loose. *Vulc.* When Gods and men
Haue seene thy shame, but (strumpet) not till then.

Iup. See how *Mars* chafes. *Iuno.* But *Venus* weeps for rage
Nept. Why should *Mars* fret? if it so tedious be,
Good God of warre bestow thy place on me.

Merc. By all the Gods, would she do me that grace,
I would fall too'r euen before *Vulcans* face.

Uul. To Gods and men let it be fully knowne
I am a Cuckold. *All.* *Vulcan* is no lesse.

Vul. Now since red shame your cheeks with bloud hath
I am reueng'd, and see my net's vnti'd. (dy'd,

Phæb. The Gods haue laught their fill, *Vulcan's* reueng'd,
And now all friends: speake, are we?

Iup. *Mars* still frownes,

Iuno. And *Venus* scarce well pleas'd.

Vul. For my part (oh you Gods!) what's past is past,
And what is once done, cannot be recald:

The Brazen Age.

If *Vulcan* in this least hath pleas'd the Gods,
All his owne wrongs he freely can forgiue.
Venus we are friends, to *Lemnos* we will haue,
And neuer more record what's done and past.

Ven. No foole, before I did offend with feare,
My guilt was but suspected, but not prou'd:
And therefore I selected priuacy,
Closenesse of place, and bashfully transgress;
But since both Gods and men now know my sinne,
Why should I dread to say I loue God *Mars*?
What helpe hast thou in prouing thy wife false?
Onely to make me doe with impudence,
What I before with feare did, on thy selfe
Brought a most certaine shame, where it before
Was but suspected. *Vul.* *Venus* speakes good sence,
That's certaine now, which was before suspence.

Ven. Now fare well ieaious foole, for my disgrace,
Him whom I loue, I blushlesse thus imbrace,
And may all such as would their wiues so take,
(Although they might) be seru'd thus for thy sake.

Vul. I am vndone, be warn'd by me oh men,
Although you know your wiues false, where and when,
Take them not in the manner, though you may:
They that with feare before, now blushlesse stray,
Their guilt 'tis better to suspect then know,
So you may take some part of that you owe.
Where I by seeking her good name to thrall,
Haue made my selfe a scorne, and quite left all.

Iup. To *Lemnos* then, to make our Thunders fit,
Which against mortals we haue cause to vse,
Mars, you to *Thrace*, *Venus* in *Paphos* stay,
Or where you please, we to our seuerall spheares.
Vulcan, thy morrall this good vse contriues,
None search too farre th'offences of their mines. *Exeunt*

HOMER.

Our last *At* comes, which lest it tedious grow,
What is too long in word, acc pt in show.

Thinke

The Brazen Age.

*Thinke Hercules his labours hauing ended,
The Spanish Gerion kild, and Cacus slaine,
As farre as Lydea he his palme extended,
Where beauteous Omphale this time doth raigne.*

He that before to Deianeira sent,

As presents, all the spoyles that he could win,

Now fills her heart with iealous discontent,

She heares how Hercules doth card and pin

With Omphale, and serues her as a slave.

(She quite forgot in Thebes) her grieve to cheare,

Th'assembled Princes with their Counsels graue,

Are come to comfort and remoue her feare.

By these all his stor'd labours he hath sent

To call him home, to free her discontent.

Asbew. Enter Deianeira sad, with Lychas : to her Iason, Telamon, Castor, Pollux, Nestor, &c. They seeme to comfort her, she sends Lychas, who brings the Trophies of his twelue labours, she deliueres them to the Princes, to beare to her husband. They part seuerall waies.

Hom. Iason, and the other Hero's for her sake,

Trauell to Lydia, to perswade him thence

And by his twelue knowne labours, undertake

To moue him, quite to abandon his faire wench.

Further then this her iealousie extends,

A farre worse present she by Lychas sends.

Enter Deianeira, and her seruant Lychas.

Lych. Madam, these sorrowes are too violent

For your weake sex, I do not thinke tis true,

Your husband can preferre that Omphale

Before your beauty.

Deian. Hee's forgot in Greece.

Greece that was wont to clangor with his fame,

Is now all silent, who but Iason now,

And Telamon, that scal'd the walles of Troy,

Alcides is a name forgot amongst vs,

And

The Brazen Age.

And *Deianeira* too forgot with him.
Oh ! that I had the tempting strumpet here
That keeps my Lord away, confining me
Vnto the coldnesse of a widowed bed.

Lyc. Madam, these presents sent, & so wel knowne
Coming from you, must needs preuaile with him.
These Princes haue great interest in his loue,
And can perswade much.

Deia. But that strumpet more.

Lychas, he doates vpon her tempting lookes,
And is so much with her enchantments blear'd,
That hee's turn'd woman : woman *Lychas*, spinnes,
Cards, and doth chare-worke, whilst his mistres sits
And makes a cushion of his Lyons skin,
Makes of his club a rocke. I loose my selfe
In this my sorrow, and forget the meanes;
I still keepe by my me, to restore my loue,
Lychas, fetch me the shirt within my chamber,
I haue bethought me now.

Lych. Madam I shall.

Dei. This shirt (in bloud of Centaur *Nessus* dipt,
And since washt out) Il'e send my *Hercules*,
Which hath the power to make his hot loue dye
To any stranger, and reuiue to me.

This (as his last) the dying Centaur spake, } *Enter*
To this Il'e trust, all other hopes forsake. } *Lychas*

Lych. Madam the shirt.

Dei. This as my best and deereſt,
Present me (trusty *Lychas*) to my Lord,
Intreat withall, that if he haue not quite
Put off my loue, hee'd daine to put on this.
If he despise my gift, returne it backe,
And in it my death.

Lych. Feare not faire Princeſſe,
I hope to proue as fortunate as faithfull.

Dei. Farewell, proue as thou speakeſt. If my gift faile,
I haue sentenced all my sorrowes to one death,

Whilst

The Brazen Age.

Whilst *Deianeira* hath a hand to vse,
Shee'l not liue hated where she once did chuse. *Exit.*

Enter Omphale, Queene of Lydia, with 4 or 5 maids, Hercules attired like a woman, with a distaffe and a spindle.

Omph. Why so, this is a power infus'd in loue,
Beyond all magicke; Is't not strange to see
A womans beauty tame the Tyrant-tamer?
And the great Monster-maister ouer-match?
Haue you done your taske?

Herc. Beauteous Queene, not yet.

Omph. Then I shall frowne.

Herc. Before that (louely faire)

Augment my taske, vnto a treble chare.
For one sweet smile from beauteous *Omphale*,
Il'e lay before thee all the monstrous heads
Of the grim tyrants that oppresse the earth.
I that before, at *Iuno's* strict behest,
The hundred gyants of *Cremona* slue,
Will twice siue hundred kill for *Omphale*.

Finde me a *Cacus* in a caue of fire,
Il'e dragge him from the mountaine *Auentine*,
And lay his bulke at thy victorious feet.
Finde me me another *Gerion* to captiue,
All his three heads Il'e tumble in thy skirt.
Bid me once more sacke hell, to binde the furies,
Or to present thee with the Gods in chaines,
It shall be done for beauteous *Omphale*.

Omph. Leaue prating, ply your worke.

Herc. Oh what a sweetnesse

Liues in her lookes! no bondage, or base slavery
Seemes seruitude, whilst I may freely gaze
(And vncontroll'd) on her: but for one smile,
Il'e make her Empresse ore the triple world,
And all the beauteous Queenes from East to West,
The *Lydians* vassails, and my fellow-slaues.
There is no Lord but *Lone*, no vassallage

The Brazen Age.

But in affection, and th'Emperious Queene
Doth tyranize ore captiue *Hercules*. Enter a maid.

Maid. Madam, some Dukes of *Greece* attend without,
And craue to see your captiue *Theban* here.

Omph. Admit them, they shall see what pompe we haue,
And that our beauty can the loftiest slaue.

Enter *Iason*, *Telamon*, *Castor*, *Pollux*, *Nestor*, *Atreus*, &c.

Iason. Our businesse was to *Theban Hercules*,
'Twas told vs he remain'd with *Omphale*,
The *Lydian* Queene.

Tel. Speake, which is *Omphale*? or which *Alcides*?

Omph. We are queene of *Lydia*,
And this our vassaile. Do you know him Lords?
Stoope slaue, and kisse the foot of *Omphale*.

Herc. I shall.

Nest. Oh wonderous alteration!

Cast. Till now I trusted this report was false,
And scarcely can I yet belecue mine eyes.

Pol. Lady, our purpose was to *Hercules*,
Shew vs the man.

Omph. Behold him *Greekes* there:

Atreus. Where? *Omph*. There at his taske,

Iason. Alas! This *Hercules*?

This is some base effeminate groome, not hee
That with his puissance frighted all the earth:
This is some woman, some *Hermophrodite*.

Herc. Hath *Iason*, *Nestor*, *Castor*, *Telamon*,
Atreus, *Pollux*, all forgot their friend?
We are the man.

Iason. Woman we know thee not,
We came to seeke the *Ioue-borne Hercules*,
That in his cradle strangled *Inno's* snakes,
And triumpht in the braue *Olimpicke* games.
He that the *Cleonean* Lyon slue,
The *Eremanthian* Boare, the Bull of *Marathon*,
The *Lernean Hydra*, and the winged Hart.
He that drag'd *Cerberus* from hell in chaines,

And

The Brazen Age.

And stownded *Pluto* in his *Ebon* Chaire.
That *Hercules*, by whom the Centaurs fell?
Great *Achelous*, the *Stymphalides*,
And the *Cremona* giants? Where is he?

Tel. That traiterous *Nessus* with a shaft trans-fixt,
Strangled *Antheus*, purg'd *Augeus* stables,
Wan the bright Apples of the *Hesperides*,
And whilst the Giant *Atlas* eas'd his limbes,
Bore on his shoulders the huge frame of heauen.

Herc. And are not we the man? see *Telamon*,

Tel. A woman do this? we would see the *Theban*
That *Cacus* slue, *Busiris* sacrific'd,
And to his horses hurl'd sterne *Diomed*
To be deuour'd.

Pol. That freed *Hesione*
From the Sea-whale, and after ransackt *Troy*,
And with his owne hand slue *Laomedon*.

Nest. He by whom *Dercilus* and *Albion* fell,
He that *Oecalia* and *Betricia* wan.

Air. That monstrous *Gerion* with his three heads vanquish't
With *Linus*, *Lichas* that vsurp't in *Thebes*,
And captiu'd there his beauteous *Megara*.

Iason. He that the *Amazonian* *Baldricke* wan,
That *Achelous* with his club subdu'd,
And wan from him the pride of *Calidon*
Bright *Deianeira*, that now mournes in *Thebes*
For absenc of that noble *Hercules*.

To him we came, but since he liues not here,
Come Lords, we wil returne these presents backe
Vnto the constant Lady, whence they came.

Herc. Stay Lords. *Iason.* 'Mongst women?

Herc. For that *Thebans* sake
Whom you professe to loue, and came to seeke,
Abide awhile, and by my loue to *Greece*,
Il'e bring before you that lost *Hercules*,
For whom you came to enquire.

Iason. On that condition (Princes) lets stay a little.

The Brazen Age.

Tela. It workes, it workes.

Herc. How haue I lost my selfe?

Did we all this? where is that spirit become
That was in vs? no maruell *Hercules*,
If thou bee'st strange to them, that thus disguil'd,
Art to thy selfe vnknowne. Hence with this distaffe
And base effeminate chares.

Omp. How slaue? submit and to thy taske againe.
Dar'st thou rebell?

Herc. Pardon great *Omphale*.

Ias. Will *Telamon* perswade me this is *Hercules*
The *Libian* Conquerer, now a slaues slaue.

He liu'd in midst of battailes, this 'mongst truls:

This welds a distaffe, he a conquering Club.

Shall we bestow faire *Deianeiraes* presents

On this (heauen knowes) whether man or woman?

Herc. Who nam'd my *Deianeira*? *Iason* you?

How fares my loue? how fares my beauteous wife?

I know these presents, did they come from her?

What strumpet's this that hath detain'd my soule?

Captiu'd my fame, trans-shap't me to a foole?

Made me (of late) but little lesse then God,

Now scarce a man? Hence with these womanish tyres,

And let me once more be my selfe againe.

Tel. Keep from him *Omphale*, be that your charge.

Wee'l second these good thoughts.

Omph. *Alcides* heare me.

Cast. By your fauour madam.

Herc. Who spake?

Iason. I thinke that was *Deianeira's* voyce,
That calls thee home to dry her widowed teares,
And to bring comfort to her desolate bed.

Herc. Oh *Deianeira*.

Om. Heare me *Hercules*. *Herc.* Ha *Omphale*?

Pollux. You shall not trouble him.

Ias. 'Twas she that made *Alcides* womanish,
But *Deianeira* to be more then man.

The Brazen Age.

For thy wiues sake thou art renown'd in *Greece*,
This Strumpet hath made *Greece* forget thee quite,
And scarce remember there was such a man.

Thebes that was wont to triumph in thy glories,
Is now all silent. Tyrants euery where
Beginne to oppresse, thinking *Alcides* dead
For so the fame's already. Shall a Strumpet
Do this vpon the *Theban Hercules*?

And *Dejanaira*, faire, chaste, absolute
In all perfections, liue despis'd in *Thebes*?

Herc. By *Ioue* she shall not; first I'll rend these eies out,
That sorted with the loue of *Omphale*
Hath transhapt me, and deeply iniur'd her.

Come we will shake off this effeminacy
And by our deeds repurchase our renowne.
Iason and you braue *Greekes*, I know you now,
And in your honours I behold my selfe

What I haue bene, hence Strumpet *Omphale*,
I cast thee off; and once more will resume
My natue vertues, and to proue this good
This day vnto the Gods I'll sacrifice
To grace which pompe, and that we may appeare
The same we were, before vs shall be borne
These of our labours twelue, the memory, -
Vnto *Ioues* Temple, grace vs worthy *Heroes*
To assist vs in this high solemnity.

Whilst we vpon our manly shoulders beare
These massy pillars we in *Gades* must reare. *Exeunt.*

Manet Omphale.

Omphale. We haue lost our seruant, neuer yet had Lady
One of the like ranke. All King *Thespius* daughters,
Fifty in number, childed all one night,
Could not preuaile so much with *Hercules*
As we haue done; no not faire *Tole*
Daughter to *Cacus*, beauteous *Megara*,
Nor all the faire and amorous queenes of *Greece*,
Could slaue him like the *Lydian Omphale*.

The Brazen Age.

Therefore where e're his labours be renown'd,
Let not our beauty passe vnregistred.
Bondaging him that captiu'd all the earth,
Nor will we leaue him, or yet loose him thus
What either beauty, cunning, flattery, teares
Or womans Art can, we will practise on him.
But now the Priests and Princes are prepar'd
For the great sacrifice, which we will grace
With our high presence, and behold aloofe
These rights vnto the gods perform'd and done
We'le gaine by Art, what we with beauty won.

*Enter to the sacrifice two Priests to the Altar, sixe Princes with
sixe of his labours, in the midst Hercules bearing his two bra-
zen pillars, six other Princes, with the other six labours, Her-
cules staies them.*

Herc. Now Ioue behold vs from thy spheare of Starres,
And shame not to acknowledge vs thy sonnes.
Thus should *Alcides* march amidst his spoiles,
Inguirt with slaughtered Lyons, Hydraes, Whales,
Boares, Bulls, grim Tyrants, Hel-hounds, Monsters, Furies,
And Princes his spectators: oh you Gods,
To whom this day we consecrate your praiers,
And dedicate our sacred orisons,
Daine vs your eies, behold these sholders beare
Two brazen pillars, trophies of our fame,
That haue eas'd *Atlas*, and supported heauen,
And had we shrunk beneath that heavenly structure
The Spheares, Orbs, Planets, Zeniths, Signes, and Stars,
With Ioues high Pallace, all confusedly
Had shattered, false, and o're-whelm'd earth and sea,
Wee haue done that, and all these labours else,
Which we this day make sacred, Iuno see
These we surrender to thy Ioue and thee. *set on.*

As they march ouer the Stage, enter Lychas with the shirt.

Lych. From *Deianera* I present this giust,

Wrought

The Brazen Age.

Wrought with her owne hand, with more kind commend
Then I haue measured steps to *Lydia*
From *Thebes*, which she intreats you weare for her.

Herc. More welcome is this giuft to *Hercules*,
Then *Iason's* Fleece, *Laomedon's* white Steeds,
Or should *Ioue* grace me with eternity,
Here stand our pillars, with *non ultra* insculpt,
Which we must reare beyond the *Pyrene Hills*
At *Gades* in *Spaine* (*Alcides* vtmost bounds)
Whilst we put on this shirt, the welcome present
Of *Dejaneira*, whom we decreely loue,
Lychas thy hand, In this wee'le sacrifice
And make our peace with her and *Iupiter*.

Iason. Neuer was *Hercules* so much himselfe,
How will this newes glad *Dejaneira's* heart,
Or how this sight inrage faire *Omphale*?

Tell. All his dead honours he reuiues in this,
And *Greece* shall once more echoe with his fame.

Hercules puts on the shirt.

Herc. With this her present, I put on her loue,
Witnesse heauen, earth, and all you Peeres of *Greece*,
I wed her once more in this ornament,
Her loue and her remembrance sit to me
More neere by thousands then this roabe can cleaue.
So, now before *Ioues* Altar let vs kneele,
And make our peace with heauen, attone our selfe
With beauteous *Dyaneira* our chaste wife } *All the Princes*
And cast away the loue of *Omphale*. } *Kneele to the Altar.*

Priest. Princes of *Greece* assist vs with your thoughts,
And let your prayers with ours ascend the *Speares*,
For mortals orisons are sonnes to *Ioue*,
And when none else can, they haue free access
Vnto there fathers eare, haile sonne of *Saturne*,
To whom when the three lots of heauen, of sea,
And hell were cast, the high *Olympus* fell.

Herc. Oh, oh.

Priest. That with a nod canst make heauens collomes bend,
And

The Brazen Age.

And th'earths Center tremble, whose right hand
Is arm'd with lightning, and the left with feare.

Herc. No more, are all the furies with their tortures,
Their whips and lashes crept into my skin?
Hath any sightlesse and infernall fire
Laid hold vpon my flesh? when did *Alcides*
Thus shake with anguish? thus change face, thus shrink?
Shall torture pale our cheeke? no, Priest proceed,
We will not feele the paine, thou shalt not breed,

Iason. What alteration's this? a thousand pangues
I see euen in his visage, in his silence
He doth expresse euen hell.

Priest. Thou sacred *Ioue*
Behold vs at thy Altar prostrate here
To beg attonement 'twene our sins and thee,
Lend vs a gracious eare and eye.

Herc. Priest no more,
I'll rend thy Typet, hurle *Ioues* Altars downe,
Hauock his Offerings, all his Lamps extinguish,
Raze his high Temples, and skale heauen it selfe
Vnlesse he stay my tortures.

Iason. VVarlike *Theban*,
VWhence comes this fury? is this madnes forc't,
That makes *Alcides* thus blaspheme the Gods.

Tell. Patient your selfe.

Herc. I will not *Iason*, cannot *Tellamon*,
A slipticke poyson boyles within my veines,
Hell is within me, for my marrow fries,
A vulture worse then that *Prometheus* feeles,
Fiers on my entrails, and my bulke in flames.

Iason. Yet be your selfe, renowned *Hercules*,
Striue with your torture, with your rage contend
Seek to ore-come this anguish.

Herc. VWell, I will,
See *Iason*, see renowned *Tellamon*
I will be well, I'll feele no poison boyle,
Though my bloud skal'd me, though my hot suspires,

Blast

The Brazen Age.

Blast where I breath like lightning, though my lungs
Seeth in my bloud, I will not pale a cheek,
Nor change a brow, I will not, spight of torture
Anguish, and paine, I will not.

Omp. What strange fury
Hath late possesst him to be thus disturb'd?

Iason. Why this is well, once more repaire *Iones* Altar.
Kindle these holy Tapers and proceed.

Herc. To plucke the Thunderer from his Christall throne
And throw the Gallaxia, by the locks,
And amber tresses, drag the Queene of heauen.

Nestor. *Alcides.*

Herc. Princes, *Iason*, *Tellamon*,
Helpe me to teare of this infernall shirt,
Which rawes me where it cleaues, vnskin my brawnes,
And like one nak't rowl'd in a Tun of spikes
Of thousands, make one vniuersall wound,
And such is mine: oh *Deyaneira* false,
Treacherous, vnkind, disloyall; plucke, teare, rend
Though you my bones leaue naked, and my flesh
Frying with poyson you cast hence to dogs.
Dread *Neptune*, let me plundge me in thy seas,
To coole my body, that is all on flame.

Or with thy tri-sulke thunder strike me *Ione*,
And so let fire quench fire, vnhand me Lords,
Let me spurne mountaines downe, and teare vp rockes
Rend by the roots huge Okes, till I haue dig'd
A way to hell, or found a skale to heauen.
Something I must, my torments are so great,
To quench this flame and qualify this heate. *Exit.*

Iason. Let vs not leaue him Princes least this out-rage
Make him lay violent hands vpon him selfe.

If *Deyaneiraes* heart, were with her hand,
She is her sexes scandall, and her shame
Euen whilst Time liues, shall euery tongue proclaime. *Exit.*

Omph. I'll follow to, and with what Art I can,
Striue this his rage and torture to allay. *Exit.*

The Brazen Age.

Lych. What's in this shirt vnknowne to me that brought it?
Or what hath iealous *Deianeira* done?
To employ me, an vnwilling messenger,
In her Lords death: well, whosoe're it proue
My innocence I know, I'le, if I may
Looke to my life, and keepe out of his way. *Enter Hercules.*

Herc. *Lychas*, *Lychas*, where's he that brought this poyson'd
That I may teare the villaine lim from lim, (shirt,
And flake his body small as Winters snow,
His shattered flesh shall play like parched leaues,
And dance in th'aire, toft by the sommer winds.

Lychas. Defend me heauen.

Herc. Oh that with stamping thus,
I could my selfe beneath the Center sinke,
And tombe my tortured body beneath hell.
Had I heauens massy columnes in my gripes,
Then with one sway I would or'e-turne yon frame,
And make the marble Elementall sky
My Tombe-stone to enterre dead *Hercules*.
Oh father *Ioue* thou laist vpon thy sonne
Torments aboue supparture, *Lychas*, oh!
I'le chase the villaine o're *Oetaes* rockes,
Till I haue nak't those hils, and left no shade
To hide the Traytor.

Lychas. Which way shall I flye
To scape his fury? if I stay I dye. *Hercules sees him.*

Herc. Stay, stay, what's he that creeps into yon caue?
Is not that *Lycas Dyaneirae* squire,
That brought this poysoned shirt to *Hercules*?
I thanke thee *Ioue*, yet this is some allayment
And moderation to the pangues I feele,
Nay, you shall out sir *Lychas* by the heeles.

Hercules swings Lychas about his head, and kills him.
Thus, thus, thy limbs about my head I twine,
Eubean sea receiue him, for he's thine.

Enter Iason, Tellamon, and all the Princes, after them Omphale.

Ias. Princes, his torments are 'boue Physicke helpe,

And

The Brazen Age.

And they that wish him well, must wish his death;
For that alone giues period to his anguish.

Tell. In vaine we follow and pursue his rage,
There's danger in his madnesse.

Nest. Yet aloofe,
Let's obserue him, and great Ioue implore
To qualifie his paines.

Phy. As I am *Philoctetes* I'll not leaue him,
Vntill he be immortall, Princes harke, *Hercules within.*
Cannot these grones peirce heauen and moue to pittie
The obdure *Iuno*.

Omph. Beneath this rocke where we haue often kist,
I will lament the noble *Thebans* fall,
The *Lydian Omphale* will be to him
A truer Mystress, then his wife, whose hate
Hath brought on him this sad and ominous fate.
Nor hence, for any force or prayer remoue,
But die with him whom I so secretly loue. *cry within.*

Cast. His torments still increase, heare oh you Gods,
And hearing pittie.

Enter Hercules from a rocke aboue, tearing downe trees.

Herc. Downe, downe, you shadowes that crowne *Oeta*
And as you tumble beare the Rockes along. (Mount,
I will not leaue an Oake or standing Pine
But all these mountaines with the dales make euen,
That *Oetaes* selfe may mourne with *Hercules*.
Hah! what art thou?

Omph. I am thy *Omphale*.

Herc. Art thou not *Deyaneira* come to mocke
Alcides madnesse, and his pangues deride?
Yes, thou art she, thou, thou hast fier'd my bones,
And mak'st me boyle in poyson, for which (minion)
And for (by fate) thou hast shortned my renowe,
Behold, this monstrous rocke thy death shal crowne,
Hercules kills Omphale, with a peece of a rocke.
So *Deyaneira* and her squire are now
Both in their sins extinct.

The Brazen Age.

Thes. What hath *Alcides* done? slaine *Omphale*,
A guiltlesse queene that came to mourne his death.

Herc. Torment on torment. But shall *Hercules*
Dye by a womans hand? No, ayd me Princes,
(If you haue in you any generous thoughts)
In my last fabricke: Come, tosse trees on trees,
Till you haue rear'd me vp a funerall pile,
Which all that's mortall in me shall consume.

Cast. Princes, let none deny their free assistance,
In his release of torture. Ther's for me.

Pol. My hand shall likewise helpe to bury him,
And of his torments giue him ease by death.

*All the Princes breake downe the trees, and make a
fire, in which Hercules placeth himselfe.*

Her. Thanks, thus I throne me in the midst of fire,
And with a dreadlesse brow confront my death.

Olimpicke thunderer now behold thy sonne,
Of whose diuine parts make a starr, that *Achilles*
May shrinke beneath the weight of *Hercules*.

And step-dame *Iuno*, glut thy hatred now,
That hast beene weary to command, when we
Haue not beene weary to performe and act.

I that *Busiris* slue, *Anthems* strangled,
And conquer'd still at thy vnkinde behest,

The three-shap't *Gerion*, and the dogge of hell;
The Bull of *Candy*, and the golden Hart,

Augens and the fowles of *Stymphaly*,
The *Hesperian* fruit, and bolt of *Thermidon*,

The *Lernean Hydra*, and *Arcadian Boare*,
The Lyon of *Nemea*, Steeds of *Thrace*,

The monster *Cacus*; thousands more then these;
That *Hercules* in death dares thee to chide,

And shewes his spirit, which torments cannot hide.
Lye there thou dread of Tyrants, and thou skin,

Invulner'd still, burne with thy maisters bones:
For these be armes which none but we can weild.

My bow and arrowes *Philoctetes* take,

*He burns
his Club,
& Lyons
Skin.*

Reserue

The Brazen Age.

Reserue them as a token of our loue,
For these include the vtmost fate of *Troy*,
Which without these, the *Greekes* can nere destroy.
You *Hero's* all fare-well, heape fire on fire,
And pile on pile, till you haue made a structure
To flame as high as heauen, and record this
Though by the *Gods* and *Fates* we are ore-throwne,
Alcides dies by no hand but his owne.

Jupiter above strikes him with a thunder-bolt, his body sinkes, and
from the heauens discends a hand in a cloud, that from the place
where *Hercules* was burnt, brings up a starre, and fixeth it in
the firmament.

Iason. Iuno thou hast done thy worst; he now defies
What thou canst more, his fame shall mount the skies.
What heavenly musicke's this?

Tel. His soule is made a star, and mounted heauen,
I see great *Ioue* hath not forgot his sonne:
All that his mothers was is chang'd by fire,
But what he tooke of *Ioue*, and was deuine,
Now a bright star in the high heauens must shine.

Enter Atreus.

Nest. We all haue seene *Alcides* deisc'd.
But what newes brings *Atreus*?

At. A true report of *Deianira's* death,
Who when she heard the tortures of her Lord,
And what effect her fatall present tooke,
Exclaim'd on *Nessus*, and to proue herselfe
Guiltlesse of treason in her husbands death,
With her owne hand she boldly slue herselfe.

Pel. That noble act proclaim'd her innocent,
And cleares all blacke suspition: but faire princes,
Let vniuersall *Greece* in funerall blacke,
Mourne for the death of *Theban Hercules*.

Ias. Who now shal monsters quell, or tyrants tame?
Th'oppressed free, or fill *Greece* with their fame.
Princes your hands, take vp these monuments

The Brazen Age.

Of his twelue labours in a marble Temple
(We will erect and dedicate to him)
Reserue them to his lasting memory :
His brazen pillers shall be fixt in *Gades*,
On which his monumentall deeds wee'l graue.
Arm'd with these worthy Trophies lets march on
Towards *Thebes*, that claimes the honour of his birth.
His body's dead, his fame shall nere expire,
Earth claimes his earth, heauen shewes his heavenly fire.
Exeunt omnes.

HOMER.

*He that expects fine short Acts can containe
Each circumstance of these things we present,
Me thinkes should shew more barrenesse then braine:
All we haue done we aime at your content,
Striving to illustrate things not knowne to all,
In which the learnd can onely censure right :
The rest we craue, whom we vlettered call,
Rather to attend then iudge : for more then sight
We seeke to please. The vnderstanding eare
Which we haue hitherto most gracious found,
Your generall loue, we rather hope then feare :
For that of all our labours is the ground.
If from your loue in any point we stray,
Thinke HOMER blind, and blind men misse their way.*

FINIS.





